THE NEW HUDSON SHAKESPEARE

S. A. Wiles
Mountain Home
Arkansas
6/3/24

AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet,

As it hath been often (with great applauſe)
plaid publiquely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunſdon*
his Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597

FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE, FIRST QUARTO

THE NEW HUDSON SHAKESPEARE

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

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PREFACE

The text of this edition of *Romeo and Juliet* is based on a collation of the Quartos and the seventeenth century Folios, the Globe edition, the Cambridge (W. A. Wright) edition of 1891, and that of Delius (1882). As compared with the text of the earlier editions of Hudson's Shakespeare, it is conservative. Exclusive of changes in spelling, punctuation, and stage directions, very few emendations by eighteenth century and nineteenth century editors have been adopted; and these, with the more important variations from the First Folio, are indicated in the textual notes. These notes are printed immediately below the text, so that a reader or student may see at a glance the evidence in the case of a disputed reading, and have some definite understanding of the reasons for those differences in the text of Shakespeare which frequently surprise and very often annoy. Such an arrangement should be of special help in the case of a play so universally read and frequently acted, as actors and interpreters seldom agree in adhering to one text. A consideration of the more poetical, or the more dramatically effective, of two variant readings will often lead to rich results in awakening a spirit of discriminating interpretation and in developing true creative criticism. In no sense is this a textual variorum edition. The variants given are only those of importance and high authority.

The spelling and the punctuation of the text are modern, except in the case of verb terminations in *-ed*, which, when the *e* is silent, are printed with the apostrophe in its place. This is the general usage in the First Folio. The important contractions in the First Folio which may indicate Elizabethan pronunciation ('i' th'' for 'in the,' 'pamp'red' for 'pamper'd,' for example) are also followed. Modern spelling has to a certain extent been adopted in the text variants, but the original spelling has been retained wherever its peculiarities have been the basis for important textual criticism and emendation.

With the exception of the position of the textual variants, the plan of this edition is similar to that of the old Hudson Shakespeare. It is impossible to specify the various instances of revision and rearrangement in the matter of the Introduction and the interpretative notes, but the endeavor has been to retain all that gave the old edition its unique place and to add the results of what seems vital and permanent in later inquiry and research. In this edition, as in the volumes of the series already published, the chapters entitled Sources, Date of Composition, Early Editions, Versification and Diction, Duration of Action, Dramatic Construction and Development with Analysis by Act and Scene, and Stage History are wholly new. In this edition, too, is introduced a chronological chart covering the important events of Shakespeare's life as man and as author, and indicating in parallel columns his relation to contemporary writers and events. As a guide to reading clubs and literary societies, there has been appended to the Introduction a table of the distribution of characters in the play, giving the acts and scenes in which each character appears and the number of lines spoken by each. The index of words and phrases has been so arranged as to serve both

as a glossary and as a guide to the more important grammatical differences between Elizabethan and modern English.

While it is important that the principle of *suum cuique* be attended to so far as is possible in matters of research and scholarship, it is becoming more and more difficult to give every man his own in Shakespearian annotation. The amount of material accumulated is so great that the identity-origin of much important comment and suggestion is either wholly lost or so crushed out of shape as to be beyond recognition. Instructive significance perhaps attaches to this in editing the works of one who quietly made so much of materials gathered by others. But the list of authorities given on page xlix will indicate the chief source of much that has gone to enrich the value of this edition. Especial acknowledgment is here made of the obligations to Dr. William Aldis Wright and Dr. Horace Howard Furness, whose work in the collation of Quartos, Folios, and the more important English and American editions of Shakespeare has been of so great value to all subsequent editors and investigators.

With regard to the general plan of this revision of Hudson's Shakespeare, Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, has offered valuable suggestions and given important advice.

A few lines unsuitable for classroom reading are omitted in this edition. These omissions are indicated by a break in the direct sequence of the line numbers.

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INTRODUCTION

NOTE. In citations from Shakespeare's plays and nondramatic poems the numbering has reference to the Globe edition, except in the case of this play, where the reference is to this edition.

I. SOURCES

The main story of *Romeo and Juliet* turns on the drinking of a love potion by a girl to enable her to escape from a detested marriage. The general theme is common to medieval romance[1] and old ballad, and in taking it as the central element of his first great tragedy, Shakespeare was true to his plan of using for the framework of a play a well-known story or a theme of general interest and common appeal, and then adding material for plot and motive from his own superb knowledge of human nature and appreciation of the important part played in the drama of life by man's passions, frailties, and stupidities.

1. *Masuccio's Novelle.* In 1476 Masuccio of Salerno, an Italian writer, published a tale of two lovers whose adventures find an almost exact counterpart in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet.* "Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni are secretly wedded and then separated on the hero's flight to Alexandria following his committal of homicide. To avoid wedding another man, chosen for her by her father,

[1] It is found as far back as the fifth century in the *Ephesiaca*, a Greek romance of Xenophon of Ephesus.

Gianozza resorts to a sleeping potion furnished by a friar, is delivered from the tomb, and escapes to Alexandria in disguise of a monk. Her messenger to Mariotto is captured by pirates, her husband receives a false report of her death, comes to her tomb, and attempting to break it open is captured and beheaded. The wife dies in a convent of a broken heart." — Law.

2. *Da Porto's Istoria novellamente ritrovata di due nobili amanti.* An important approach to the Shakespearian form of the story is found in the *Istoria novellamente ritrovata* (1530), an Italian romance by Luigi da Porto. Here the scene is laid in Verona, the lovers are named Romeo and Giulietta, and a family feud is the cause of the tragedy. It is altogether probable that Da Porto's novel, which became very popular, was in reality based on Masuccio's work. Shakespeare may have had access to neither of these Italian tales, but he is indirectly indebted to them, for the later English versions were available.

3. *Bandello's Novelle.* In 1554 was published in Italy a volume of prose tales, *Novelle*, by the poet and story-writer Matteo Bandello (1480–1562), which included the story of Da Porto, with most of the characters and incidents which appear in the later versions used by Shakespeare. In the story of Da Porto, and also in that of Bandello, Juliet is made to waken from sleep while Romeo still lives.

4. *Boisteau's Histoires Tragiques.* Pierre Boisteau (Boaistuau) translated Bandello's tragedy into French. As it appeared in his *Histoires Tragiques* in 1559, it differed in two important respects from the original Italian — Juliet wakens to find Romeo dead and then slays herself with his dagger. As in the case of the three Italian romances just mentioned,

THE
MOST EX-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of Romeo
and *Iuliet*.

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it hath bene ſundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be ſold at his ſhop neare the Exchange.
1599.

FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE, SECOND QUARTO

THE TRAGICALL HISTORYE of Romeus and Iuliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br.

In ædibus Richardi Tottelli.
Cum Priuilegio.

there is little probability that Shakespeare knew of this account.

5. *Brooke's Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet.* In 1562, two years before Shakespeare was born, was published *Romeus and Juliet*, a poem in rhyming verse[1] by Arthur Brooke, with the title-page that is reproduced in facsimile on page xiv. Although this title-page seems to imply that Brooke translated from the Italian of Bandello, there is little doubt that it was Boisteau's account which he used, for in some cases his lines are a literal translation of the French. The general spirit of this first English version is set forth by Brooke in the Argument, written in pentameter verse:

> Love hath inflaméd twain by sudden sight,
> And both do grant the thing that both desire.
> They wed in shrift by counsel of a friar.
> Young Romeus climbs fair Juliet's bower by night.
> Three months he doth enjoy his chief delight.
> By Tybalt's rage provokéd unto ire,
> He payeth death to Tybalt for his hire.
> A banished man he scapes by secret flight.
> New marriage is offered to his wife.
> She drinks a drink that seems to reave her breath:
> They bury her that sleeping yet hath life.
> Her husband hears the tidings of her death.
> He drinks his bane. And she with Romeus' knife,
> When she awakes, herself, alas! she slay'th.

An interesting sidelight has been thrown on Brooke as a writer of tragedy by certain passages in his preface. Here

[1] The lines consist alternately of twelve and fourteen syllables. This kind of verse was very common and, as Gascoigne says in his *Notes of Instruction* (1575), was nicknamed "poulter's measure."

he shows himself totally out of sympathy with his youthful hero and heroine:

> And as each flower yieldeth honey to the bee, so every example ministereth good lessons to the well-disposed mind. So . . . the evil man's mischief warneth men not to be evil. To this good end serve all ill ends of ill beginnings. And to this end, good Reader, is this tragical matter written, to describe unto thee a couple of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to unhonest desire; neglecting the authority and advice of parents and friends; conferring their principal counsels with drunken gossips . . . abusing the honourable name of lawful marriage to cloak the shame of stolen contracts; finally by all means of unhonest life hasting to most unhappy death.

Of Brooke himself we know little. Munro[1] points out that "from his denunciation of the friars and their ways in his introduction 'To the Reader,' and from his other known volume on Scripture, we may see that he was a zealous Protestant." From a poem in memory of Brooke by George Turberville (1570) we learn that he met an early death by drowning.

While it is indisputable that Shakespeare closely followed the story as told by Brooke, and is indebted to him, among other things, for the lively characterization of the Nurse, one has only to read the lines just quoted to discover how wholly his own he made the tragic tale.

6. *A Lost Tale.* In the closing sentence of his preface, signed *Ar. Br.*, Brooke says that he had seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation" than he himself could look for, it "being there much better set forth" than he had done or could do. The play to which

[1] J. J. Munro, in his Introduction to his edition of *Brooke's 'Romeus and Juliet' being the Original of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet.'*

Brooke here refers was doubtless in English, but it has not survived and there is only conjecture as to whether this was another of Shakespeare's 'sources.'[1]

7. *Painter's Palace of Pleasure.* Another English translation of Boisteau's French tale is that of William Painter's *Rhomeo and Julietta*, published in 1567 as the twenty-fifth novel in the second volume of *Palace of Pleasure.*[2] Painter's prose follows much more literally the lines of Boisteau than does the poem by Brooke, and shows few enlargements. While it cannot be proved that Shakespeare had even read Painter's prose version, we know that he did read other tales in the *Palace of Pleasure*, and it is natural to assume that he was familiar with *Rhomeo and Julietta* also.

Shakespeare's Use of Sources

Originality of plot and incident meant little to Shakespeare. For the material of his plots he preferred such stories as were commonly known, so that from the first his plays had ties of popular association and interest. What he added in the treatment of incident and in characterization was so made to knit in with the borrowed matter by mutual participation and interaction as to give a new life and meaning to the whole. Here, as always, the soul of originality consists in something far deeper and more essential than any mere sorting

[1] In Harold De Wolf Fuller's *Modern Philology* (iv, 75–120) it is contended that a well-known Dutch play, *Romeo en Juliette*, published in 1634 was a translation of some pre-Shakespearian drama, which may have been the lost play referred to by Brooke.

[2] The title given it by Painter is *The goodly history of the true, and constant love between Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of poyson, and the other of sorrow, and hevinesse: wherein be comprysed many adventures of love, and other devises touchinge the same.*

or linking of incidents so as to form an attractive story. On the vital workings of nature in the development of individual character, and not on anything so superficial or mechanical as a mere framework of incident, depends the real life of the play. One of Shakespeare's methods seems to have been first to mark out or else to adopt a given course of action, and then to conceive and work out his characters accordingly, making them such as would naturally cohere with and sustain the action, so that an inward, vital, and essential relation is felt between what they are and what they do. Thus there is nothing arbitrary or mechanical in the sorting together of persons and actions: the two stand together under a living law, instead of being gathered into a mere formal and outward juxtaposition. The persons act so because they are so, and not because the author willed to put them through such a course of action: what comes from them is truly rooted in them and is generated vitally out of the nature within them, so that their deeds are the veritable pulsations of their hearts. The course of action was borrowed. But there was no borrowing in the characteristic matter. The personal figures in the old stories are in themselves unmeaning and characterless. The actions ascribed to them have no ground or reason in anything that they are: what they do, or rather seem to do, — for there is no real doing in the case, — proceeds not at all from their own natures or wills, but purely because the author chose to have it so. So that the persons and incidents are to all intents and purposes put together arbitrarily and not under any vital law of human nature. Any other set of actions might just as well be tacked on to the same persons; any other persons might just as well be put through the same course of action. This merely outward

and formal connection between the incidents and characters holds generally in the old tales from which Shakespeare borrowed his plots; while in his workmanship the connection becomes inherent and essential.

II. DATE OF COMPOSITION

The date of composition of *Romeo and Juliet* falls within 1597, the later time limit (*terminus ante quem*), when the play was first printed, and 1593, the earlier time limit (*terminus post quem*). The weight of evidence is in favor of the years 1593–1595.

External Evidence

The only bit of positive evidence that can be cited in connection with the date of composition is that furnished by the title-page of the First Quarto, which is dated 1597. The company of actors, there referred to as "the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants," was known as the "seruants" of Lord Cham berlaine except for the short period between July 22, 1596, and April 17, 1597. That the play was written before July 22, 1596, is self-evident.

Internal Evidence

The remark of the Nurse, "'T is since the earthquake now eleven years" (I, iii, 23), has been thought to refer to the famous earthquake of 1580, but the talk of a frequently incoherent old woman does not have great weight in a case of this kind. "The humour of the allusion may lie in the fact that the Nurse, who insists on the accuracy of her recollection . . . is really astray in her chronology." — Dowden.

In John Weever's *Epigrammes in the oldest cut, and newest fashion*, etc. is a sonnet "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare" in which occurs an allusion to the play:

> Romeo, Richard, more, whose names I know not,
> Their sugared tongues, and power attractive beauty
> Say they are saints, although that saints they show not,
> For thousands vow to them subjective duty.[1]

These *Epigrammes* were published in 1599, but most of them were written at least as early as 1596. This slender bit of evidence would put the date of authorship of *Romeo and Juliet* back to 1595 or some earlier time.

The puns, strained conceits, antitheses, artificial turns of expression, and other rhetorical devices, which abound in *Romeo and Juliet*, mark the play as early.[2] The prevalence of rhyme in dialogue is always a mark of an early play, except when its use is contingent on special reasons for its introduction, as in the masque portions of *The Tempest*. Much of the blank verse is of Shakespeare's earliest period; it is monotonously regular and shows a marked tendency to end-stopped lines and freedom from feminine endings (see below, Versification and Diction). The prose of the dialogue in the comic passages indicates growth and development towards Shakespeare's great creative period.

[1] Quoted by J. J. Munro in his edition of *Brooke's 'Romeus and Juliet.'*

[2] Dowden, in his edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, points out that "when his judgment had matured, Shakespeare could not have written so very ill as he does in *Romeo and Juliet*, but a writer of genius could at an early age, when inspired by the passion of his theme, have written as admirably as he does even in the noblest passages of the fifth Act."

III. EARLY EDITIONS

Quartos

1. *The First and Second Quartos.* Reproduced on pages ii and xiii are the title-pages of the First Quarto, Q_1, published in 1597, and the Second Quarto, Q_2, published in 1599. To a certain extent these title-pages tell their own tale, that of the Second Quarto indicating clearly the imperfect and unauthorized character of the First Quarto. The relation of these two editions to each other has involved much dispute, for the First Quarto is only three quarters the length of the Second. A reasonable theory, and one widely accepted, is that the First Quarto represents in an imperfect form the first draft of Shakespeare's play, and was printed from 'copy' obtained surreptitiously, probably from the notes of some shorthand writer,[1] "supplemented by a reference to the authentic copy in the library of the theatre,"[2] and that the Second Quarto represents the play revised and enlarged by Shakespeare. In spite of its imperfections, the First Quarto is "of great value, as it affords the means of correcting many errors which crept into the 'copy' from which Q_2 was printed, and also, in its more perfect portions, affords conclusive

[1] There are interesting allusions in Elizabethan literature to pirating plays by means of shorthand. See Dewischeit's *Shakespeare und die Stenographie*, *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, XXXIV.

[2] This quotation is from Dr. W. Aldis Wright, editor of the Cambridge Shakespeare, who, finding many errors which seem like errors of a copyist rather than of a hearer, adds: "Very probably the man employed for this purpose was some inferior actor or servant, who would necessarily work in haste and by stealth, and in any case would not be likely to work very conscientiously for the printer or bookseller who was paying him to deceive his masters."

evidence that that 'copy' underwent revision, received some slight augmentations, and, in some few places, must have been entirely rewritten."[1]

2. *The Later Quartos.* In the Third Quarto, Q_3, which appeared in 1609, the title-page bears the words "the Kings Maiesties Seruants" in place of "the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants," the former being the new name of Shakespeare's company. From this title-page we also learn that the play was acted at the Globe Theatre. What is referred to as the Fourth Quarto, Q_4, is an undated Quarto, probably issued subsequent to 1609; for while it seems to be based on the Third Quarto it differs from it in certain respects. The title-page of some of the copies of this issue include the words "Written by W. Shake-speare," which do not appear on any of the earlier Quartos. A Fifth Quarto, Q_5, was published in 1637.

Folios

The First Folio, F_1, of *Romeo and Juliet* is based on the Second Quarto. In this first collected edition of Shakespeare's dramas, published in 1623, the title of the play is simply *The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.* It occupies pages 53 to 79 inclusive in the division of the book devoted to 'Tragedies,' and stands between *The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus* and *The Life of Tymon of Athens.*

The Second Folio, F_2 (1632), the Third Folio, F_3 (1663, 1664), and the Fourth Folio, F_4 (1685), show few variants in the text of *Romeo and Juliet* and none of importance.

[1] P. A. Daniel, in *New Shakspere Society Transactions*, Series II, 1874.

Rowe's Editions

The first critical editor of Shakespeare's plays was Nicholas Rowe, poet laureate to George I. His first edition was issued in 1709 in six octavo volumes. In this edition Rowe, an experienced playwright, marked the entrances and exits of the characters in a thorough and systematic way, and introduced many stage directions. He also introduced the list of dramatis personæ which has been made the basis for all later lists. A second edition in eight volumes was published in 1714. Rowe followed very closely the text of the Fourth Folio, but modernized spelling, punctuation, and occasionally grammar.

IV. VERSIFICATION AND DICTION

Blank Verse

The greater part of *Romeo and Juliet* is in blank verse,[1] — the unrhymed, iambic five-stress (decasyllabic) verse, or iambic pentameter, introduced into England from Italy by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, about 1540, and used by him in a translation of the second and fourth books of Vergil's *Æneid*. Nicholas Grimald (*Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557) employed the measure for the first time in English original poetry, and its roots began to strike deep into British soil and absorb substance. It is peculiarly significant that Sackville

[1] The term 'blank verse' was just coming into use in Shakespeare's day. It seems to have been used for the first time in literature in Nash's Preface to Greene's *Menaphon*, where we find the expression, "the swelling bumbast of bragging blanke verse." Shakespeare uses the expression three times, always humorously or satirically. See *Much Ado About Nothing*, V, ii, 32.

and Norton should have used it as the measure of *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy (performed by "the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple" on January 18, 1561, and first printed in 1565). About the time when Shakespeare arrived in London the infinite possibilities of blank verse as a vehicle for dramatic poetry and passion were being shown by Kyd, and above all by Marlowe. Blank verse as used by Shakespeare is really an epitome of the development of the measure in connection with the English drama. In his earlier plays the blank verse is often similar to that of *Gorboduc*. The tendency is to adhere to the syllable-counting principle, to make the line the unit, the sentence and phrase coinciding with the line (end-stopped verse), and to use five perfect iambic feet to the line. In plays of the middle period, such as *The Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It*, written between 1596 and 1600, the blank verse is more like that of Kyd and Marlowe, with less monotonous regularity in the structure and an increasing tendency to carry on the sense from one line to another without a syntactical or rhetorical pause at the end of the line (run-on verse, *enjambement*). Redundant syllables now abound, and the melody is richer and fuller. In Shakespeare's later plays the blank verse breaks away from bondage to formal line limits, and sweeps all along with it in freedom, power, and organic unity.

In the 2111 lines of blank verse in the Second Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* are found stress modifications of all kinds. There are 118 feminine (or double, redundant, hypermetrical) endings, 6 light endings, 1 weak ending, and many short lines. Such variations give to the verse flexibility and power, in addition to music and harmony. It is significant that in *Romeo and Juliet* is only one weak ending. Light endings

and weak endings[1] are found most abundantly in Shakespeare's very latest plays. For example, in *The Tempest* are 42 light endings and 25 weak endings.

Alexandrines

While French prosodists apply the term 'Alexandrine' only to a twelve-syllable line with the pause after the sixth syllable, it is generally used in English to designate iambic six-stress verse, or iambic hexameter. This was a favorite Elizabethan measure, and it was common in moral plays and the earlier heroic drama. English literature has no finer examples of this verse than the last line of each stanza of *The Faerie Queene*. In *Romeo and Juliet* are only 6 Alexandrines.

Rhyme

In the history of the English drama, rhyme as a vehicle of expression precedes blank verse and prose. Miracle plays, moral plays, and interludes are all in rhyming measures. In Shakespeare may be seen the same development. A progress from more to less rhyme is a sure index to his growth as a dramatist and a master of expression. In the early *Love's Labour's Lost* are more than 1000 rhyming five-stress iambic lines; in *Twelfth Night*, 120; in the very late *The Winter's Tale*, not one.[2] In *Romeo and Juliet* are

[1] Light endings, as defined by Ingram, are such words as *am*, *can*, *do*, *has*, *I*, *thou*, etc., on which "the voice can to a certain small extent dwell"; weak endings are words like *and*, *for*, *from*, *if*, *in*, *of*, *or*, which "are so essentially proclitic . . . that we are forced to run them, in pronunciation no less than in sense, into the closest connection with the opening words of the succeeding line."

[2] The Chorus speech introducing Act IV is excepted as not part of the regular dialogue.

486 rhyming lines, only two plays having a greater number of such lines, a fact of considerable significance in determining the date of composition. Alternate rhymes in five-stress verse are found only in Shakespeare's plays written before 1600. They are common in *Romeo and Juliet*, and, in perfect harmony with the lyric spirit which informs the play throughout,[1] interesting combinations of such alternate rhymes are found. For example, the Prologues prefixed to the first and second acts, and I, v, 91–104, are complete Shakespearian sonnets, made up of three quatrains rhyming alternately and a rhyming couplet at the close; while in I, ii, 44–50, 87–92, V, iii, 12–17, and the Prince's speech with which the play closes, the verse is that of the six-line stanza, or sestet (rhyming *a b a b c c*), of *Venus and Adonis*.[2]

Prose

Only about one seventh of *Romeo and Juliet* is in prose, the play in this respect resembling all the earlier work of Shakespeare. Lyly was the first to use prose with power and distinction in original plays, and did memorable service in preparing the way for Shakespeare's achievement. Interesting attempts have been made to explain Shakespeare's distinctive use of verse and prose; and of recent years there has been much discussion of the question "whether we are justified in supposing that Shakespeare was guided by any fixed principle in his employment of verse and prose, or

[1] But it is noteworthy that two of the most lyrical passages in the play — the epithalamium, or marriage-hymn, III, ii, 1–33, and the *tagelied*, or aubade, III, v, 1–32 — are in blank verse.

[2] Lodge's *Scillas Metamorphosis*, 1589, from which Shakespeare plainly drew inspiration for *Venus and Adonis*, is written in this verse.

whether he merely employed them, as fancy suggested, for the sake of variety and relief."[1] It is a significant fact that in many of his earlier plays there is little or no prose, and that the proportion of prose to blank verse increases with the decrease of rhyme. Six kinds of prose may be distinguished in the plays: (1) The prose of formal documents, such as letters and proclamations, as in I, ii, 64–70. (2) The prose of 'low life' and the speech of comic characters, as in II, iv, 96–205, IV, v, 100–143, and all the scenes in which the servants appear. Most of the speeches of the Nurse fall in this class, but sometimes when she is under the influence of those whose expression is rhythmical, she speaks in verse that recalls the crude iambic pentameters of Caliban's speeches in *The Tempest*. This prose of 'low life' is a development of the humorous prose found, for example, in Greene's comedies that deal with humble life. (3) The colloquial prose of dialogue and of matter-of-fact narrative, as in I, i, 1–63. Shakespeare was "the creator of colloquial prose, of the prose most appropriate for drama."—J. Churton Collins. (4) The prose of high comedy, vivacious, sparkling, and flashing with repartee, as in most of Mercutio's speeches. (5) The prose of abnormal mentality. (6) Impassioned or highly wrought poetical and rhetorical prose. Of these kinds of prose the fourth, so conspicuous in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and the fifth and sixth, prominent in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*, have small place in *Romeo and Juliet*.

[1] Professor J. Churton Collins, *Shakespeare as a Prose Writer*. See Delius, *Die Prosa in Shakespeares Dramen* (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, V, 227–273); Janssen, *Die Prosa in Shakespeares Dramen*; Professor Hiram Corson, *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare*, pages 83–98.

V. DURATION OF ACTION

Into the space of a few days Shakespeare has crowded the complete tragedy of two lives. Dowden and other later editors confine the action to four or five days, making the lovers meet on Sunday, wed on Monday, part on Tuesday, and die on Thursday. Daniel[1] distributes the action of the play over six consecutive days as follows:

Day 1. (Sunday) I; II, i, ii.
Day 2. (Monday) II, iii–vi; III, i–iv.
Day 3. (Tuesday) III, v; IV, i–iv.
Day 4. (Wednesday) IV, v.
Day 5. (Thursday) V.
Day 6. (Friday) End of V, iii.

VI. DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION AND DEVELOPMENT

Romeo and Juliet is a tragedy of passion in which is represented a conflict between two persons acting together as one protagonist, and certain forces which environ, antagonize, and overwhelm. Unlike Shakespeare's second great tragedy, *Hamlet*, the tragic *nodus* here is "not wholly of a subjective character. The two lovers are in harmony with one another, and with the purest and highest impulses of their own hearts. The discord comes from the outer world: they are a pair of 'star-crossed lovers.' . . . The world fought against Romeo and Juliet, and they fell in the unequal strife."[2]

[1] P. A. Daniel, in *New Shakspere Society Transactions*, 1877–1879, page 194.

[2] Dowden, *Shakspere: A Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, page 130.

Tragedy as well as comedy deals with a conflict between an individual force (which may be centered either in one character or in a group of characters acting as one) and environing circumstances. In tragedy the individual (one person or a group) is overwhelmed; in comedy the individual triumphs. In tragedy, as in comedy, five stages may be noted in the plot development: (1) the exposition, or introduction; (2) the complication, rising action, or growth; (3) the climax, crisis, or turning point; (4) the resolution, falling action, or consequence; and (5) the dénouement, catastrophe,[1] or conclusion. Let it not be thought for a moment that each of these stages is clearly differentiated. As a rule they pass insensibly into each other, as they do in life. Especially is this true in a play like *Romeo and Juliet*, where the weaving of the plot is so close and compact.

Analysis by Act and Scene[2]

I. The Exposition, or Introduction (Tying of the Knot)

Prologue. The Prologue briefly gives the setting and theme of the play and prepares us for a drama of pathos in which the destiny of two lovers is determined by fate and external circumstances, rather than by character.

Act I, Scene i. The thread of the feud action is here introduced with the peace-making Benvolio on the side of the Montagues and the fiery Tybalt on the Capulet side. The quarrel is suppressed

[1] "*Catastrophe* — the change or revolution which produces the conclusion or final event of a dramatic piece." — Johnson.

[2] "It must be understood that a play can be analyzed into very different schemes of plot. It must not be thought that one of these schemes is right and the rest wrong; but the schemes will be better or worse in proportion as — while of course representing correctly the facts of the play — they bring out more or less of what ministers to our sense of design." — Moulton.

when the Prince enters and, in the presence of the heads of the two houses which have thrice disturbed Verona's streets with broils, declares that death will be the penalty if civil peace is again threatened by their hatred. This warning is a preparation for the tragic climax. The love action is suggested. The strangeness of Romeo's new mood is discussed by his parents and Benvolio. When Romeo enters, it is soon discovered that the cause is unrequited love. Benvolio's determination to teach Romeo to forget this lady prepares the way for the change in the hero's feelings in the masquerade scene.

Act I, Scene ii. The entrance of Juliet is prepared for; County Paris is a claimant for her hand. Romeo consents to attend the Capulet masquerade. In the chance meeting of Romeo and Benvolio by the servant as he sets out to invite guests to the feast may be read the significance of the part played by accident in determining the outcome of the play.

Act I, Scene iii. Juliet is introduced. Lady Capulet announces to her daughter in the presence of the garrulous nurse that Paris is seeking her in marriage[1] and that she is to meet him that night at the feast.

Act I, Scene iv. Mercutio joins with Benvolio in urging the reluctant Romeo to forget his sad love affair and to enter into the spirit of the feast. The scene ends with a vague foreboding of the consequences hanging on the night's events. The complete mastery of fate over the destiny of these star-crossed lovers is emphasized in Romeo's helpless cry: "But He, that hath the steerage of my course, direct my sail" (lines 112–113).

II. The Complication, Rising Action, or Growth (Tying of the Knot)

Act I, Scene v. The feast is on. Romeo catches sight of Juliet and immediately is in love with her. Already the counteracting forces are at work. Tybalt, the chief antagonist, hearing his voice, recognizes him and is enraged that a Montague should dare attend a Capulet feast. He leaves the hall with a determination to

[1] This thread of story is found in no earlier version and is probably Shakespeare's invention.

punish this intrusion. This is the motive to the complication of the feud action. Romeo and Juliet meet, love at sight, and part; and the dramatic entanglement has begun.

Act II, Scene i. This scene explains Romeo's presence in the next. Mercutio's observations about Rosaline and love in general show that his companions know nothing of the change in Romeo.

Act II, Scene ii. By a masterly device the usual delays attending lovemaking are removed and the dramatic interest and entanglement intensified. By chance, again, Juliet in her confession of love to the heavens and the night is overheard by her lover himself, and he comes to her call. In this, the famous balcony scene, the lovers plan marriage. Through the scene are scattered presentiments of evil.

Act II, Scene iii. The soliloquy of the Friar reflects the doom that awaits the love of Romeo and Juliet, while his knowledge of herbs prepares us for his later intrigue. He promises reluctantly to officiate at a secret wedding and sees in this union a possible reconciliation between the hostile houses. The scene ends with the significant words: "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."

Act II, Scene iv. The first part of this scene, where it is revealed that Tybalt has sent a challenge to Romeo, prepares us for the crossing of the feud action and love action. It also furnishes an opportunity for Mercutio to express his disdain of Tybalt. The second part completes the arrangement for the marriage.

Act II, Scene v. After suspense to which the Nurse's garrulity gives humorous relief, Juliet wrings from her the message sent by Romeo.

Act II, Scene vi. The marriage rite is performed, but even this joyous scene is not without its warning (lines 9–10):

> These violent delights have violent ends
> And in their triumph die.

III. The Climax, Crisis, or Turning Point (the Knot Tied)

Act III, Scene i. The threads of the feud action and the love action cross each other. Tybalt in seeking out Romeo comes upon Mercutio, who exchanges daring words with him. By chance, Romeo comes that way. Tybalt calls him "villain," but he controls his anger at this insult out of respect to his secret new alliance with a Capulet.

The hot-blooded Mercutio is angered at what seems to be a vile submission and takes up the fight. Romeo and Benvolio come between them, but Tybalt strikes Mercutio a last revengeful blow and then runs off. The blow is fatal and the death of his friend rouses Romeo to revenge. Tybalt comes back in triumph but soon is the victim of death at the hands of Romeo. Citizens and members of the two houses gather. The Prince hears an account of what has taken place and Romeo is sentenced to banishment.

IV. The Resolution, Falling Action, or Consequence (the Untying of the Knot)

Act III, Scene ii. Juliet is told of her cousin's death and her husband's banishment. After she has become almost distracted with confusion and despair, the Nurse finally says that she knows where Romeo is hid, and goes to take him a ring from Juliet and ask him to come that night to take his last farewell.

Act III, Scene iii. When Romeo hears his sentence of banishment he gives way to despair. What the philosophy of Friar Laurence fails to do in the way of comfort is effected by the message from Juliet. The Friar warns him to depart by break of day for Mantua and promises to keep him informed of happenings in Verona.

Act III, Scene iv. The action of the Paris love suit begins to take definite shape. Capulet sets the following Thursday as the wedding day of his daughter and the county.

Act III, Scene v. The lovers bid farewell and the shadow of the tragic catastrophe falls on their parting words. Hardly has Romeo escaped, when Lady Capulet comes in to tell Juliet of the wedding to take place on Thursday. The enmity of the family now concentrated on Romeo as the slayer of Tybalt makes it impossible for Juliet to confess her marriage. She pleads for time, but her angered father bursts forth in abuses, her mother turns a deaf ear, and even the Nurse fails her in her time of greatest need. Her only hope is in the Friar and to him she resolves to go.

Act IV, Scene i. Juliet shows wonderful self-control in her meeting with Paris at the Friar's cell, but after he has gone her anguish finds full expression. The Friar suggests a daring intrigue by which Juliet

shall take a drug that will make her appear dead for forty-eight hours. This will relieve her from her marriage to Paris and will afford an opportunity for Romeo to take her shortly away to Mantua.

Act IV, Scene ii. Capulet, regardless of his daughter's feelings, is insistently making preparations for the marriage, but she is just as determined and far more skillful in thwarting his purpose. She feigns willing submission and seems eager for the day.

Act IV, Scene iii. After cheerfully attending to the preparations for her wedding, Juliet asks to be left alone for the night that she may pray. In spite of terrifying misgivings and fears, she drinks the potion. The intrigue of the Friar is begun.

Act IV, Scene iv. A scene of irony and suspense. The household is astir preparing the trappings of the feast, the bridegroom is at hand, but the bride cannot be found.

Act IV, Scene v. The Friar's intrigue seems to be succeeding. The drug has produced the semblance of death and the wedding feast is turned into a funeral. The merry talk of Peter and the musicians gives relief and is a reflection of the insincerity and lack of true feeling in the Capulets' attitude toward their daughter.

Act V, Scene i. The scene shifts to Mantua. Irony and ominous foreboding are found in Romeo's cheerful thoughts, caused by a strange dream. When Balthasar brings him news of Juliet's burial, but no word from the Friar, the audience realizes that there has been some dangerous mistake in the carrying out of the intrigue. After Romeo has determined to be with Juliet that night in the monument, and has, by bribing a poverty-stricken apothecary, procured the means in the shape of an instant-working deadly drug, all seems lost — yet a slight hope remains that chance will intervene and avert the tragic end.

Act V, Scene ii. The flaw in the carrying out of the Friar's plan is explained. Again accident has proved the enemy of the lovers, for just as the messenger was about to depart for Mantua, the doors of the house at which he stayed were sealed because of the pestilence. As Friar Laurence hastens to the tomb to be present when Juliet awakes, there is a hope that he may arrive in time to meet Romeo and stay his death.

V. Dénouement, Catastrophe, or Conclusion (the Knot Untied)

Act V, Scene iii. Chance is hostile to the end and drags down not only the two lovers but Paris as well. After this tragic ending of the love action and the feud action, the Friar explains the marriage and intrigue. His words are supplemented by the letter that Romeo leaves with Balthasar. At last the family feud is ended by the death of the star-crossed lovers.

VII. THE CHARACTERS

Romeo

It is significant that Romeo is introduced into the play by Benvolio's description of him as a somewhat sentimental fellow who fancies himself in love with one Rosaline. The audience is prepared for the entrance of a youthful Don Orsino with a dash of Proteus. Romeo's feeling towards Rosaline is airy, affected, fantastical, causing him to think much of his emotions, to count over his sighs and play with language, pleased with the figure he is making. This shows that his thoughts are not so much on Rosaline, or anything he has found in her, as on a figment of his own mind, which he has invested with her form. This is just that sort of love with which people often imagine themselves about to die, but which they always manage to survive. Romeo's love for Juliet is infinitely different. A mere idolater, Juliet converts him into a true worshiper, and the fire of his new passion burns up the first object of his fancy. Love works a kind of regeneration in him. This dreamy, sentimental fancy gives place to a passion that engrosses him, so that he becomes a true man, healthy and earnest. As the Friar suggests, it was probably from an instinctive sense that he was making

love by rote, and not by heart, that Rosaline rejected his suit. The dream, though, has the effect of preparing him for the reality, while the contrast between them helps our appreciation of the latter.

Hazlitt pronounces Romeo to be Hamlet in love, but in so judging he makes a profound mistake. In all that most truly constitutes character, the two have nothing in common. To go no further, Hamlet is all consideration, Romeo all precipitancy: the one prefaces action with "large discourse"; the other acts first, and does his reflecting afterwards. With Hamlet, it is a necessity of nature to think; with Romeo, to love. Hamlet, ever looking to consequences, gets entangled with a multitude of conflicting passions and purposes; Romeo, absorbed in one passion and one purpose, plunges ahead, regardless of consequences. It is this necessity of loving that, until the proper object appears, creates in Romeo an object for itself: hence the love-bewilderment in which he first comes before us. This explains and justifies the suddenness and vehemence of his passion, while the difference between this and his fancy-sickness amply vindicates him from the reproach of inconstancy.

Romeo does not generalize or give much heed to abstract truth. He does not study to shape his feelings or conduct by any rules, and therefore sees no need of philosophy unless philosophy can make a Juliet. He has no life but passion, and since passion lives altogether in and by its object, he dwells with wild exaggeration on the sentence of banishment. Thus his love, by reason of its excess, defeats its own security and peace. Had he tempered his interest in the transient with a due thoughtfulness of the permanent, he would have been a wiser man, but not so entire a lover.

Yet there is a sort of instinctive rectitude in his passion, which makes us rather pity than blame its excess, and we feel that death comes to him through it, not for it. It would be difficult to conceive anything more full of manly sweetness and gentleness than his character. Love is the only experience in which he seems to lack self-control, and it is here that self-control is least a virtue. He will peril his life for a friend, but he will not do a mean thing to save it. He has no pride and revenge to which he would sacrifice others, but has high and brave affections to which he does not shrink from sacrificing himself. Thus even in his resentments he is in noble contrast with those about him. His heart is so preoccupied with generous thought as to afford no room for those furious transports which prove so fatal in others. When their swords jump in wild fury from the scabbards, his sleeps quietly by his side. But even as he is hard to provoke, so he is dangerous when provoked. For so it is when Tybalt would force him to a duel.

> Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
> How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
> Your high displeasure: all this uttered
> With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd.
> [III, i, 150–153]

He will not be stung to hasty action by words of insult, but when he learns that the mad fire-spouter has killed his bold friend Mercutio, and is coming back in triumph, then all his manhood boils with irrepressible energy:

> Away to heaven, respective lenity,
> And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
> Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again,
> That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
[III, i, 120–126]

In all this affair he plays the man, exemplifying in perfect form the great law of heroism, that he who rightly fears to do wrong has nothing else to fear.

Shakespeare has few passages in a higher pitch of eloquence than Romeo's soliloquy at the tomb, where we have a tempest of various emotions, — love, sorrow, pity, regret, admiration, despair, — all subdued and blended in a strain of the most plaintive, sweetly-solemn music:

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. [V, iii, 76–112]

With extreme vividness every syllable of this speech tells of the speaker's whereabouts. Not a thought, not an image, not a word, that could have come from anyone but Romeo, or could have come from him at any other time, or in any other place. He sees everything just as it is, and yet, from his preternatural illumination of mind, sees in everything his own passion, which turns it into something rich and rare. His imagination, touched as it is with new virtue by the genius of the place, beautifies all the dishonors of the grave, and sweetens its very offenses into dearness. He sees only the presence of his Juliet; and he knows no home, no paradise but that. Whatever shares in that is precious to him. Such is the strength, the elevation, the spiritualizing power of wedded love, as depicted here.

Juliet

Hallam — a man who weighed his words well — gave as his opinion, that "it is impossible to place Juliet among the great female characters of Shakespeare's creation." Other

critics of high repute, especially Mrs. Jameson, take a different view. The passion in which Juliet lives is so potently infectious that one can hardly venture near enough to see what and whence it is, without falling under its influence. In her case it is so fraught with purity and tenderness, and self-forgetting ardor and constancy, and has so much to challenge a respectful pity, that the moral sense does not easily find where to fix its reproof. If, in her intoxication of soul and sense, she loses whatever of reason her youth and inexperience can have gathered, the effect is breathed forth with an energy and elevation of spirit, and in a transporting affluence of thought and imagery, which none but the sternest readers can well resist, and which, after all, there may be not much virtue in resisting.

Upon closer study Juliet appears somewhat better as a heroine than as a woman, the reverse of what is generally found true of Shakespeare's delineations. But she is a real heroine, in the best sense of the term, her womanhood being developed through her heroism, not eclipsed or obscured by it. In this respect she differs from most tragic heroines, who seem not to know how to be heroic without becoming mannish or viraginous. They set out with a special purpose to be heroines, and to approve themselves such, whereas Juliet is surprised into heroism, and acts the heroine without knowing it, simply because it is in her to do so, and because, when the occasion comes, she cannot do otherwise.

Not until the marriage with Paris is forced upon her does her proper heroism display itself. All her feelings as a woman, a lover, and a wife are then thoroughly engaged, and because her heart is all truth she must either "live an unstain'd wife" to her sweet love (IV, i, 88), or else die.

To avert what is to her literally an infinite evil, she appeals imploringly to her father, her mother, and the Nurse, and it is not till she is cast entirely on her own strength that she finds herself sufficient for herself. There is something truly fearful in the resolution and energy of her conversation with the Friar; yet we feel that she is still the same tender, gentle being whose lips so lately breathed the rich, sweet words of love.

> God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
> And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
> Shall be the label to another deed,
> Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
> Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
> Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
> Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
> 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
> Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
> Which the commission of thy years and art
> Could to no issue of true honour bring. [IV, i, 55–65]

When told the desperate nature of the remedy, she rises to a yet higher pitch, her very terror of the deed inspiring her with fresh energy of purpose. When she comes to the performance, she cannot arrest the workings of her imagination, but she is not shaken by its suggestions. On the contrary, her resolution adds vigor and intensity to the images which throng upon her excited fancy, developing within her a strength and courage to face them. In all this there is much of the heroine, but the heroism is the free, spontaneous, unconscious outcome of her native womanhood.

It is well worth noting how the different qualities of womanhood are distributed in this representation. Juliet has both the weakness and the strength of a woman. If she

appears as frail as the frailest of her sex in the process of becoming a lover, her frailty ends in yielding to the touch of passion, for she is thenceforth strong as a seraph. Thus it is as a wife that the greatness proper to her as a woman is developed. Moore[1] speaks of this as a peculiarity of the Italian women, but it is not peculiar to them, and it is even doubtful if they have it in a larger measure than others.

Juliet, though subject to the same necessity of loving as Romeo, is quite exempt from the delusions of fancy, and never gets bewildered with a love of her own making. The elements of passion in her do not send her in quest of an object: indeed those elements are a secret even to herself. She does not suspect their existence till the proper object appears. Her modesty, too, is much like Romeo's honor; that is, it is a living attribute of her character and not a result of conventional pressure. She does not try to conceal from herself the impulses of her nature. On this point, with special reference to the famous soliloquy at the beginning of the second scene of the third act, Mrs. Jameson says: "Let it be remembered that in this speech Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante; and I confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful hymn to the night, breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart 'triumphing to itself in words'; and her impatience, to use her own expression, is truly that of 'a child before a festival, that hath new robes and may not wear them.'"

[1] *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life.*

The Nurse

The Nurse is in some respects only another edition of Mrs. Quickly, though in a different binding. The character has a tone of reality that almost startles us on a first acquaintance. She gives the impression of a literal transcript from actual life, which may be partly due to the predominance of memory in her mind, as in her account of Juliet's age, where she cannot go on without bringing in all the happenings in the very order of place and time. She has a way of repeating the same thing in the same words, so that it strikes us as a fact cleaving to her thoughts, and exercising a sort of fascination over them. She is idealized, but not to her advantage.

This general passiveness of mind naturally makes her whole character "smell of the shop." She takes the print of circumstances without the least mitigation, and holds it unmodified by any force from within. She has a certain vulgarized air of rank and refinement, as if, priding herself on the confidence of her superiors, she had caught and assimilated their manners in her own vulgar nature. In this mixture of refinement and vulgarity, both elements are made the worse for being together. Like all who ape their betters, she exaggerates whatever she copies. She is without a particle of truth or honor or delicacy. To her life has no sacredness, virtue no beauty, love no holiness. In short, she is a woman without womanhood; she abounds however in serviceable qualities, having that low menial shrewdness which at once fits her to be an instrument and makes her proud to be used as such. Yet she acts not so much from a positive disregard of right as from a lethargy of conscience.

Accordingly in her basest acts she never dreams that she is other than a pattern of virtue. Because she is thus unconscious of her own vices, Juliet thinks her free from them, and does not suspect that beneath her petulant, vulgar loquacity she is without a vein of womanly honour and sensibility. In her way, the Nurse has a real affection for Juliet. Whatever she herself would find pleasure in, she will do anything to compass for her young mistress; and until love and marriage become the question, there has never been anything to disclose the essential difference in their natures. When, however, in her noble agony, Juliet appeals to the Nurse for counsel, and is met with the advice to marry Paris, she sees at once what her soul is made of; that in her long life she has gained only that sort of experience which works the debasement of its possessor; and that she knows less than nothing of love and marriage, because she has experienced them without any feeling of their sacredness.

Mercutio

Mercutio is one of the characters who strikingly show the excess of Shakespeare's powers above his performances. Shakespeare gives us more than any other man, yet he seems to have given but a small part of himself. We feel that he could have gone on indefinitely with the same exquisite redundancy of life and wit which he has started in Mercutio. From the nature of the subject he had to leave unsatisfied the desire which in Mercutio is excited. Delightful as the man is, Shakespeare makes us value his room more than his company. It has been said that he was obliged to kill off Mercutio, lest Mercutio should kill the play. It is not apparent how he could have kept Mercutio and Tybalt in the

play without spoiling it, nor how he could have kept them out without killing them. So long as they lived they would have a chief hand in whatever was going on about them. Shakespeare, however, so manages them and their fate as to aid rather than to interrupt the proper interest of the piece; the impression of their death, strong as it is, being overcome by the sympathy awakened in us with the living.

Mercutio is a perfect embodiment of animal spirits acting in and through the brain. So long as the life is in him his blood must dance, and so long as the blood dances the brain and tongue must play. His veins seem filled with sparkling champagne. Always reveling in the conscious fullness of his resources, he pours out and pours out, heedless whether he speaks sense or nonsense. His very stumblings seem designed as triumphs of agility. He studies, apparently, for failures, as giving occasion for further trials, and thus serving at once to provoke his skill and to set it off. Full of the most companionable qualities, he often talks loosely but not profanely; and even in his loosest talk there is a subtilty and refinement, both of nature and of breeding, that mark him for the prince of good fellows. Nothing could more finely show his essential frolicsomeness than that he should play the wag in the face of death, as if to live and to jest were the same thing with him.

Of Mercutio's wit it is useless to attempt an analysis. From a fancy as quick and aërial as the aurora borealis, the most unique and graceful combinations come forth with almost inconceivable facility and felicity. If wit consists in a peculiar briskness, airiness, and apprehensiveness of spirit, catching, as by instinct, the most remote and delicate affinities, and putting things together most unexpectedly and at

the same time most appositely, then it can hardly be denied that Mercutio is the prince of wits as well as of good fellows.

Friar Laurence

The tranquillity of Friar Laurence contrasts effectively with the surrounding agitation. It even seems natural that from this very agitation he should draw lessons of tranquillity. Calm, thoughtful, benevolent, withdrawing from the world that he may benefit society the more for being out of it, his presence and counsel in the play are as oil poured, yet poured in vain, on troubled waters. Sympathizing quietly yet deeply with the very feelings in others which in the stillness of thought he has subdued in himself, the storms that waste society only kindle in him the sentiments that raise him above them. His voice, issuing from the heart of humanity, speaks peace, but cannot give it, to the passions that are raging around him.

Schlegel has remarked with his usual discernment on the skill with which Shakespeare makes the miracle of the sleeping-potion seem not incredible; and how, by throwing an air of mysterious wisdom round the Friar, he renders us the more apt to believe strange things concerning him. "How," says Schlegel, "does [Shakespeare] dispose us to believe that Friar Laurence possesses such a secret? He exhibits him first in a garden, collecting herbs, and descanting on their wonderful virtues. The discourse of the pious old man is full of deep meaning: he sees everywhere in Nature emblems of the moral world; the same wisdom with which he looks through her has also made him master of the human heart. In this way, what would else have an ungraceful appearance, becomes the source of a great beauty."

VIII. STAGE HISTORY

The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries

The title-page of the First Quarto furnishes evidence that *Romeo and Juliet* was popular on the stage before 1597, and between that time and 1609 we have the testimony of the Third Quarto that the play had been "sundrie times publiquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe." It was without doubt popular in England until the closing of the theatres during the Puritan interregnum, and it is interesting to note that it was one of the first to be revived after the reopening of the theatres in the Restoration, when it seems to have been given both in its original form and in a version for D'Avenant's company by James Howard, in which the play had a happy ending. Neither form gained much favor, however.

Samuel Pepys saw it on March 1, 1661, and his comment is significant: "My wife and I by coach, first to see my little picture that is a-drawing, and thence to the Opera, and there saw *Romeo and Juliet*, the first time it was ever acted, but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less." If the general sentiment of the theatre-going public of London coincided with that of Pepys, it is small wonder that the play was not then successful.

The Eighteenth Century

In 1680 Thomas Otway, author of *Venice Preserved*, gave the central incidents of the play a classic setting as *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, and this extraordinary

version was occasionally acted until 1744, when Theophilus Cibber restored the play as written by Shakespeare, with the exception of making Juliet wake before Romeo's death. This allowed for a passionate farewell between the lovers. It was substantially this version that was used by David Garrick when he produced the play at Drury Lane in 1749, Spranger Barry taking the part of Romeo. In 1750 Barry acted Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Cibber at Covent Garden, and on the evening of his appearance there Garrick, at Drury Lane, took the part of Romeo for the first time, the famous Miss Bellamy being Juliet. The rival performances were the talk of the town, and were the subject of witty comment in prose and verse:

> "Well, what's to-night?" says angry Ned,
> As up from bed he rouses;
> "Romeo again!" he shakes his head;
> "A plague on both your houses!"

The Nineteenth Century and Later

As an acting drama no Shakespeare play, with the exception of *Hamlet*, has a firmer hold on the modern stage than *Romeo and Juliet*. From Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the opening years of the nineteenth century to Sothern and Julia Marlowe in the twentieth, all the leading actors and actresses of England and America have given noteworthy revivals of the play. As a rule the interpreters of Juliet have been more successful than the actors who have taken the rôle of Romeo, and the list of notable stage Juliets is a catalogue of the greatest English-speaking actresses of modern days. To those just mentioned should be added Fanny Kemble, Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Theodore

Martin),[1] Adelaide Neilson, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, and Mary Anderson.

Productions of the play in other than English-speaking countries have been numerous and distinguished. Goethe adapted it for the Weimar theatre in 1811, and the famous Paris manager, Antoine, produced a prose version by Louis de Gramont with great success at the Odéon in 1910.

Musical adaptations of the theme are among the triumphs of moden composers. The symphonies by Berlioz and Tchaikovski and the opera by Gounod furnish not a little of modern composers. The symphonies by Berlioz and interpretations of the last fifty years.

[1] Helen Faucit's interpretation is given in *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*. Blackwood and Son, 1885.

AUTHORITIES

(With the more important abbreviations used in the notes)

Q_1 = First Quarto, 1597.
Q_2 = Second Quarto, 1599.
Q_3 = Third Quarto, 1609.
Q_4 = Fourth Quarto, undated.
Q_5 = Fifth Quarto, 1637.
Qq = all the Quartos.
F_1 = First Folio, 1623.
F_2 = Second Folio, 1632.
F_3 = Third Folio, 1663, 1664.
F_4 = Fourth Folio, 1685.
Ff = all the seventeenth century Folios.
Rowe = Rowe's editions, 1709, 1714.
Pope = Pope's editions, 1723, 1728.
Theobald = Theobald's editions, 1733, 1740.
Hanmer = Hanmer's edition, 1744.
Johnson = Johnson's edition, 1765.
Capell = Capell's edition, 1768.
Malone = Malone's edition, 1790.
Steevens = Steevens's edition, 1793.
Staunton = Howard Staunton's edition, 1857–1860.
Globe = Globe edition (Clark and Wright), 1864.
Dyce = Dyce's (third) edition, 1875.
Clar = Clarendon Press edition (W. A. Wright), 1877.
Delius = Delius's (fifth) edition, 1882.
Camb = Cambridge (third) edition (W. A. Wright), 1891.
Gollancz = Israel Gollancz's *The Temple Shakespeare.*
Herford = C. H. Herford's *The Eversley Shakespeare.*
Abbott = E. A. Abbott's *A Shakespearian Grammar.*
Cotgrave = Cotgrave's *Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues*, 1611.
Schmidt = Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon.*
Murray = *A New English Dictionary* (*The Oxford Dictionary*).

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART

Except in the case of Shakespeare's plays (see note) the literature dates refer to first publication

Year	Shakespeare: Biography; Poems	Shakespeare: Plays	British and Foreign Literature	History and Biography
1564	Birth. Baptism, April 26, Stratford-on-Avon	NOTE. The plays in the columns below are arranged in the probable, though purely conjectural, order of composition. Dates appended to plays are those of first publication. Where no date is given, the play was first published in the First Folio (1623). M signifies that the play was mentioned by Meres in the **Palladis Tamia** (1598)	**Quart livre de Pantagruel**	Michelangelo died. Calvin died. Marlowe born. Galileo born
1565	Father became alderman		Sackville and Norton's **Gorboduc** printed	Philip II of Spain gave his name to Philippine Islands
1566	Brother Gilbert born		Udall's **Roister Doister** printed?	Murder of Rizzio
1568	Father, as bailiff of Stratford, entertained Queen's and Earl of Worcester's actors		The Bishops Bible. La Taille's **Saülle Furieux**. R. Grafton's **Chronicle**	Mary of Scots a prisoner in England. Ascham died. Coverdale died. Netherlands War of Liberation
1572			Camoens' **Os Lusiadas** (The Lusiads)	Knox died. Massacre of St. Bartholomew
1573			Tasso's **Aminta**	Ben Jonson born? Donne born
1574	Brother Richard born		**Mirror for Magistrates** (third edition)	Earl of Leicester's players licensed
1575			Gammer Gurton's **Needle**. Golding's Ovid (complete)	Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Palissy lectured on Natural History
1576			**The Paradise of Dainty Devices**. Gascoigne's **Steel Glass**	"The Theatre" opened in Finsbury Fields, London, followed by "The Curtain." Hans Sachs died
1577	Father in financial difficulties		Holinshed's **Chronicle**	Drake sailed to circumnavigate globe

1579	Sister Ann died (aged eight)				Gosson's **School of Abuse.** North's Plutarch. Lyly's **Euphues** (pt. 1). Spenser's **Shepherd's Calendar**	**Union of Utrecht.** Tasso put in confinement at Ferrara
1580	Brother Edmund born				Montaigne's **Essais** (first edition)	Brown founded Separatists. Camoens died
1581					Tasso's **Gerusalemme Liberata**	Dutch Declaration of Independence
1582	Married Anne Hathaway				The Rheims New Testament	Accademia della Crusca founded
1583	Daughter Susanna born				Garnier's **Les Juives**	Sir Humphrey Gilbert drowned
1584					Lyly's **Campaspe.** Peele's **Arraignment of Paris**	William the Silent assassinated. Ivan the Terrible died
1585	Twin children (Hamnet, Judith) born				Guarini's **Pastor Fido** (1590)	Ronsard died
1586	Probably went to London				Camden's **Britannia**	Sir Philip Sidney killed
1587					Hakluyt's **Four Voyages. Faustbuch** (Spiess, Frankfort)	Execution of Mary of Scots
1588					Martin Marprelate: **The Epistle**	Defeat of Spanish Armada
1589		COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES	Puttenham's **Art of English Poesie**	Henry of Navarre, King of France. Palissy died in Bastille
1590		Love's Labour's Lost (M, 1598)			Marlowe's **Tamburlaine.** Spenser's **Faerie Queene**, I–III. Lodge's **Rosalynde.** Sidney's **Arcadia**	Battle of Ivry
1591		Comedy of Errors (M)	1 Henry VI 2 Henry VI		Sidney's **Astrophel and Stella.** Harington's tr. of **Orlando Furioso**	Herrick born

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART (CONTINUED)

YEAR	SHAKESPEARE				BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE	HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY
	BIOGRAPHY; POEMS	PLAYS (see note above)				
1592	**Greene's attack in Groatsworth of Wit**	**Two Gentlemen of Verona** (M)	**Richard III** (M, 1597). **3 Henry VI**	**Romeo and Juliet** (M, 1597)	**Daniel's Delia. Lyly's Gallathea (Galatea)**	Greene died. Montaigne died. London theatres closed through plague
1593	**Venus and Adonis** (seven editions, 1593–1602)		**King John** (M). **Richard II** (M, 1597)	**Titus Andronicus** (M, 1594)	**Peele's Edward I.** Barnes's **Sonnets**	Marlowe died. Herbert born
1594	**Lucrece** (five editions, 1594–1616)	**A Midsummer Night's Dream** (M, 1600)			Rinuccini's **Dafne. Satire Ménipée**	Palestrina ("Princeps Musicæ") died
1595	Valuable contemporary references to Shakespeare	**All's Well that Ends Well. Taming of the Shrew**			**Peele's Old Wives' Tale.** Spenser's **Epithalamion**	Tasso died. Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition to Guiana. Sir J. Hawkins died
1596	Son Hamnet died. Family applied for coat-of-arms		**1 Henry IV** (M, 1598). **2 Henry IV** (1600)		Drayton's **Mortimeriados. Faerie Queene**, Books IV–VI	Burbage built Blackfriar's Theatre. Descartes born. Sir F. Drake died
1597	Purchased New Place, Stratford	**Merry Wives of Windsor. Merchant of Venice** (M, 1600)			Bacon's **Essays** (first edition). Hall's **Virgidemiarum**	The Tyrone rebellion
1598	Shakespeare acted in Jonson's **Every Man in His Humour**	**Much Ado About Nothing** (1600)	**Henry V** (1600)		Meres's **Palladis Tamia.** Chapman's Homer (pt. 1). Lope de Vega's **Arcadia**	Peele died. Edict of Nantes
1599	Part proprietor of Globe Theatre. Coat-of-arms granted. **The Passionate Pilgrim**	**As You Like It**			Aleman's **Guzman de Alfarache.** Peele's **David and Bethsabe**	Spenser died. Globe Theatre built. Oliver Cromwell born
1600	Won a London lawsuit	**Twelfth Night**			**England's Helicon**	Calderon born. Bruno died

1601	Father died. **The Phœnix and Turtle**			Julius Cæsar	Jonson's **Poetaster**	The Essex plot. Rivalry between London adult and boy actors
1602	Purchased more Stratford real estate			Hamlet (1603)	Dekker's **Satiromastix**	Bodleian Library founded
1603	His company acted before the Queen	Troilus and Cressida (1609)			Jonson's **Sejanus**	Queen Elizabeth died. Millenary Petition
1604	Sued Rogers at Stratford	Measure for Measure		Othello	Marlowe's **Faustus** (1588–1589)	Hampton Court Conference
1605	Godfather to William D'Avenant			Macbeth	**Don Quixote** (pt. 1)	Gunpowder plot. Sir Thomas Browne born
1606	King **Lear** given before Court			King Lear (1608)	Chapman's **Monsieur D'Olive**	Lyly died. Corneille born
1607	Daughter Susanna married Dr. Hall			Timon of Athens	Dekker and Webster's **Westward Ho!**	Settlement of Jamestown
1608	Birth of granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall. Death of mother (Mary Arden)	Pericles (1609)		**Antony and Cleopatra**	Captain John Smith's **A True Relation.** Middleton's **A Mad World**	Milton born. Quebec founded
1609	**Sonnets. A Lover's Complaint**			Coriolanus	The Douai Old Testament	Separatists (Pilgrims) in Leyden
1610	Purchased more real estate	Cymbeline			Strachey's **Wracke and Redemption**	Henry IV (Navarre) assassinated
1611	Subscribed for better highways	Winter's Tale The Tempest			King James Bible (A.V.). Bellarmine's **Puissance du Pape**	Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden
1613	Invested in London house property. Brother Richard died		**Henry VIII**		Drayton's **Polyolbion**	Globe Theatre burned
1616	Made his will. Daughter Judith married Thomas Quiney. Died April 23 (May 3, New Style)				Captain John Smith's **New England.** Folio edition of Jonson's Poems. D'Aubigné's **Les Tragiques** (1577)	Cervantes died. Beaumont died. Baffin explores Baffin's Bay. Harvey lectured on the circulation of the blood

DISTRIBUTION OF CHARACTERS

In this analysis are shown the acts and scenes in which the characters (see Dramatis Personæ, page 2) appear, with the number of speeches and lines given to each.

NOTE. Parts of lines are counted as whole lines.

		NO. OF SPEECHES	NO. OF LINES
PRINCE	I, i	1	23
	III, i	4	16
	V, iii	11	36
		16	75
PARIS	I, ii	2	4
	III, iv	3	4
	IV, i	11	23
	IV, v	2	6
	V, iii	5	32
		23	69
MONTAGUE	I, i	6	28
	III, i	1	3
	V, iii	3	10
		10	41
CAPULET	I, i	2	3
	I, ii	3	33
	I, v	9	49
	III, iv	4	31
	III, v	8	63
	IV, ii	9	26
	IV, iv	5	19
	IV, v	6	28
	V, iii	4	10
		50	262
ROMEO	I, i	16	61
	I, ii	11	26
	I, iv	13	34
	I, v	10	27
	II, i	1	2
	II, ii	26	86
	II, iii	9	25
	II, iv	27	49
	II, vi	2	12
	III, i	11	36
	III, iii	16	71
	III, v	7	24
	V, i	8	71
	V, iii	6	82
		163	606
MERCUTIO	I, iv	11	73
	II, i	4	34
	II, iv	30	86
	III, i	17	63
		62	256
BENVOLIO	I, i	24	51
	I, ii	5	20
	I, iv	4	13
	I, v	1	1
	II, i	5	9
	II, iv	11	13
	III, i	14	53
		64	160
TYBALT	I, i	2	5
	I, v	6	17
	III, i	9	14
		17	36
FRIAR LAURENCE	II, iii	10	72
	II, vi	4	13
	III, iii	15	87
	IV, i	9	56
	IV, v	3	25
	V, ii	4	17
	V, iii	10	75
		55	345
FRIAR JOHN	V, ii	4	13
BALTHASAR	V, i	3	11
	V, iii	9	21
		12	32
SAMPSON	I, i	20	35
GREGORY	I, i	15	22
PETER	II, iv	3	6
	IV, v	10	27
		13	33

		NO. OF SPEECHES	NO. OF LINES
ABRAHAM	I, i	5	5
APOTHECARY	V, i	4	7
1 MUSICIAN	IV, v	10	11
2 MUSICIAN	IV, v	3	6
3 MUSICIAN	IV, v	1	1
PAGE TO PARIS	V, iii	4	9
LADY MONTAGUE	I, i	2	3
LADY CAPULET	I, i	1	1
	I, iii	11	36
	I, v	1	1
	III, i	2	11
	III, iv	1	2
	III, v	16	37
	IV, ii	2	3
	IV, iii	2	3
	IV, iv	2	3
	IV, v	6	13
	V, iii	2	5
		46	115
JULIET	I, iii	5	8
	I, v	11	19
	II, ii	27	114
	II, v	10	43
	II, vi	3	7
	III, ii	12	116
	III, v	28	105
	IV, i	13	48
	IV, ii	3	12
	IV, iii	3	56
	V, iii	3	13
		118	541

		NO. OF SPEECHES	NO. OF LINES
NURSE	I, iii	12	55
	I, v	8	15
	II, ii	2	2
	II, iv	21	51
	II, v	9	36
	III, ii	11	31
	III, iii	7	19
	III, v	9	25
	IV, ii	2	2
	IV, iv	2	4
	IV, v	7	28
		90	268
1 CITIZEN	I, i	1	2
	III, i	2	4
		3	6
1 WATCHMAN	V, iii	6	19
2 WATCHMAN	V, iii	1	1
3 WATCHMAN	V, iii	1	3
1 SERVANT	I, ii	8	18
	I, iii	1	4
	I, v	4	9
	IV, iv	1	1
		14	32
2 SERVANT	I, v	3	5
	IV, ii	2	5
	IV, iv	1	2
		6	12
PROLOGUE	I	[illegible]	14
	II	1	40

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

ESCALUS, prince of Verona
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince
MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each
CAPULET, } other
An old man, cousin to Capulet
ROMEO, son to Montague
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet
FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans
FRIAR JOHN, }
BALTHASAR,[2] servant to Romeo
SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet
GREGORY, }
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague
An Apothecary
Three Musicians
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet
JULIET, daughter to Capulet
Nurse to Juliet

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants

Chorus

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. Rowe was the first to give a list of Dramatis Personæ. His list was imperfect, and subsequent editors have added to it.

[2] BALTHASAR. Pronounced bal'tha-sar. So in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Much Ado About Nothing*.

PROLOGUE

[*Enter*] CHORUS

CHORUS. Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
  Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
  Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

1-14. **Two . . . mend** Qq | Ff omit. 8. **Doth** Q_2 | Do Rowe.

PROLOGUE [*Enter*] CHORUS. Omitted in the Folios. The Second Quarto (Q_2), on which the present text is based, has 'The Prologue. Corus.' The bracketed matter in this and other stage directions is the work of Rowe and later editors.

5. **fatal**: fated. The active form with the passive sense.

6. **star-cross'd**: thwarted by planetary influence, ill-fated. Shakespeare, in common with the writers of his time, abounds in such astrological allusions. Cf. I, iv, 107.

8. **Doth**. In Shakespeare the singular verb is often found with a plural subject.

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Verona. A public place*]

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers*

SAMPSON. Gregory, on my word, we 'll not carry coals.

GREGORY. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON. I mean, and we be in choler, we 'll draw.

GREGORY. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' th' collar. 5

SAMPSON. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

GREGORY. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

SAMPSON. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away. 10

SAMPSON. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

3. **and** QqFf | an Theobald | if Ff.

ACT I. SCENE I. The Quartos contain no division into acts and scenes; the Folios indicate only the opening act and scene.

1. **carry coals**: put up with insults. Anciently, in great families, the scullions, turnspits, and carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the lowest of menials. Such attendants upon the royal household, in progresses, were called the 'black guard'; hence probably the term 'blackguard.' See Murray.

2. **colliers**. The preceding note explains how 'collier' came to be a common term of reproach.

3. **and**: if. Usually printed 'an' in modern editions.

GREGORY. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. 14

SAMPSON. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 20

SAMPSON. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads, and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh. 29

GREGORY. 'T is well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

SAMPSON. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY. How! turn thy back and run? 35

SAMPSON. Fear me not.

GREGORY. No, marry; I fear thee!

22. **cruel** Q_4 | **civil** Q_2Ff.
23. **I will** Qq | **and** Ff.
31. **two** Q_1 | Q_2Ff **omit.**
32. **of** Q_2 | **of the** Ff.

31. **poor John:** hake, dried and salted (poor and coarse eating).

32. **Montagues.** The partisans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence, as Halliwell-Phillipps remarks, throughout this play they are known at a distance. Cf. the following passage from Gascoigne's *Devise of a Masque, written for Viscount Montacute*, 1575:

> And for a further proofe, he shewed in hys hat
> Thys token which the Mountacutes did beare alwaies, for that
> They covet to be knowne from Capels, where they pass,
> For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene these two houses was.

SAMPSON. Let us take the law of our sides· let them begin.

GREGORY. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. 41

SAMPSON. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter two other serving-men [ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR]

ABRAHAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. I do bite my thumb, sir. 45

ABRAHAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. [*Aside to* GREGORY] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

GREGORY. No.

SAMPSON. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir. 51

GREGORY. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

43. a Ff | Q2 omits.

38. take the law of our sides: keep the law on our sides. The indifferent use of 'on' or 'of' in such cases was common. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 301–302: "Nay, then I have an eye of you"; *The Merchant of Venice*, II, ii, 103–104: "he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face"; *Much Ado About Nothing*, III, v, 40–41: "and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind."

42. bite my thumb. This was a common mode of insult, to begin a quarrel. Dekker, in his *Dead Term* (1608), describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's, says, "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!" And so in Cotgrave's *Dictionarie* (1611): "*Nique, faire la nique*, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knocke."

SAMPSON. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you. 55

ABRAHAM. No better.

SAMPSON. Well, sir.

GREGORY. Say "better": here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON. Yes, better, sir. 60

ABRAHAM. You lie.

SAMPSON. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *They fight*

Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do. 65
[*Beats down their swords*]

54. **But** Qq | Ff omit. 63. **swashing** Q4 | washing Q2Ff.

58–59. **master's kinsmen.** Gregory is a servant of the Capulets: he therefore means Tybalt, whom he sees coming in a different direction from that of Benvolio. On this scene Coleridge comments with rare felicity:

With his accustomed judgment, Shakespeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Heraclitus and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensorial power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-combats, and of quarrelling with weapons of sharper edge, all in humble imitation of their masters. Yet there is a sort of unhired fidelity, an *ourishness* about all this, that makes it rest pleasant on one's feelings. All the first scene, down to the conclusion of the Prince's speech, is a motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune, as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes.

63. **swashing**: dashing, smashing. The Folio reading 'washing' may be what Shakespeare wrote. The expression 'washing blow' is found elsewhere.

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! *They fight*

Enter three or four Citizens [*and* Officers], *with clubs or partisans*

1 CITIZEN. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET

CAPULET. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

CAPULET. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

66. **heartless hinds.** Both words are used punningly.

73. **Clubs . . . partisans.** The old custom of crying out 'Clubs, clubs!' in case of tumult in the streets of London has been made familiar to many readers by Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel.* — **bills . . . partisans**: weapons used by watchmen and foresters.

75. **long sword.** Used in active warfare; a lighter, shorter, and less desperate weapon was worn for ornament.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with* his train

PRINCE. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, 81
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins, 85
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, 90
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red hate: 95
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

80. one Q2 | a Ff.

95. **Cank'red . . . cank'red.** The first 'cank'red' is 'rusted.' Cf. *James*, v, 3: "Your gold and silver is cankered." The second 'cank'red' has the analogous sense of an eating, obstinate sore.

And, Montague, come you this afternoon, 100
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt [*all but* MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, *and* BENVOLIO]

MONTAGUE. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began? 105

BENVOLIO. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, 110
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part. 115

LADY MONTAGUE. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; 120
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood: 125

102. **Free-town.** Villa Franca is the name in the Italian story.
104. **abroach**: running (as liquor from a cask).

I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they 're most alone,
Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE. Many a morning hath he there been seen, 130
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, 135
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove, 140
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO. Have you importun'd him by any means?

MONTAGUE. Both by myself and many other friends: 145
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, 150

127. This is the reading of the First Quarto. The Second Quarto and the Folios have:

> Which then most sought where most might not be found,
> Being one too many by my weary self.

150. **with**: by. Often so. — **envious**: malicious. The more common meaning, just as 'envy' usually meant 'malice.'

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside; 155
I 'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let 's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* LADY]

BENVOLIO. Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO. Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO. But new struck nine.

ROMEO. Ay me! sad hours seem long. 160
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO. In love?

ROMEO. Out — 165

BENVOLIO. Of love?

ROMEO. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still, 170
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

152. **sun** Pope | same QqFf.

171. **Should . . . see pathways**: should think he sees a way, merely because he wishes to have it so, and when in truth there is none.

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate! 175
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! 180
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO. Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO. Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, 185
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; 190
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,

189. rais'd Q1 Globe | made Q2Ff.

175. Perhaps the best defense of the use here made of this string of antithetical conceits is, that such an affected way of speaking not unaptly shows the state of Romeo's mind, that his love is rather self-generated than inspired by any object. At all events, as compared with his style of speech after meeting with Juliet, it serves to mark the difference between being lovesick and being in love.

186. **to have it prest**: by having it pressed. An instance of the infinitive used gerundively.

190. **purg'd**. Cf. *Matthew*, iii, 12: "and he will throughly purge his floor." The figure is of a fire 'purified' of the smoke.

A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
BENVOLIO. Soft! I will go along;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong. 195
ROMEO. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.
BENVOLIO. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
ROMEO. What, shall I groan and tell thee?
BENVOLIO. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who. 200
ROMEO. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
BENVOLIO. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
ROMEO. A right good mark-man! And she 's fair I love. 205
BENVOLIO. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
ROMEO. Well, in that hit you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd. 210
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

210. **unharm'd** Q1 | uncharmd Q2Ff.

198. **sadness**: seriousness. So, in line 200, 'sadly' for 'seriously.'
210. **From love's . . . unharm'd.** In previous editions of Hudson's Shakespeare was adopted Grant White's proposed emendation, "'Gainst love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd," with the interpretation, 'shielded from Cupid's bow as by a charm.' Cf. *Cymbeline*, V, iii. 68–69: "I, in mine own woe charm'd, Could not find death where I did hear him groan."

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store. 215

BENVOLIO. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
For beauty starv'd with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, 220
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO. O, teach me how I should forget to think. 225

BENVOLIO. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO. 'T is the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair; 230
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

214–215. only poor . . . her store: poor only in that, when she dies, her great estate of beauty must die with her, as she will have none to inherit it. Theobald's reading is: "with her dies Beauty's store."

228. To call hers . . . more: to call her exquisite beauty more into my mind, and make it more the subject of conversation. — **in question**: into discussion. Frequently so.

229. These. Used indefinitely, and as equivalent to 'the.' Demonstrative pronouns are often used to-day in the same manner.

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair? 235
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO. I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt

SCENE II. [*A street*]

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant

CAPULET. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long. 5
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride, 10
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

236. Coleridge comments as follows:

It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so; but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet. Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy; and we should remark the boastful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making, which is never shown where love is really near the heart.

237. **doctrine**: lesson, instruction. One of the Latin senses of the word.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth: 15
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
And she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light: 25
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [*To* Servant, *giving a paper*] Go, sirrah, trudge about

18. **And** QqFf | An Capell. 32. **on** Q_4 | one Q_2Ff.
29. **female** $Q_1F_1F_2$ | fennell Q_2.

15. **earth.** *Fille de terre* is the old French phrase for an 'heiress.'

27. **well-apparell'd April.** Cf. *Sonnets*, XCVIII, 1–4:

> From you have I been absent in the spring,
> When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.

30. **Inherit**: possess, have. Cf. *The Tempest*, IV, i, 154.

32–33. **being one . . . none.** The allusion is to the old proverbial expression, "One is no number." Cf. *Sonnets*, CXXXVI, 8–9:

> Among a number one is reckon'd none:
> Then in the number let me pass untold.

Through fair Verona; find those persons out 35
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt [CAPULET *and* PARIS]

SERVANT. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. — In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO

BENVOLIO. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning, 45
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die. 50

ROMEO. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO. For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO. For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

45. **one fire . . . burning.** Alluding, probably, to the old remedy for a burn, by holding the burnt place up to the fire. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III, i, 171: "As fire drives out fire, so pity pity."

47. **holp.** The old past tense of 'help.' Used by Shakespeare oftener than 'helped,' both as past tense and participle. So in the Bible (King James version).

51–52. For the plantain-leaf as a popular remedy for a broken shin, cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, III, i, 71–77.

ROMEO. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food, 55
Whipp'd and tormented and — God-den, good fellow.

SERVANT. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see? 60

ROMEO. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROMEO. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads*]

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair assembly: whither should they come? 70

SERVANT. Up.

ROMEO. Whither?

SERVANT. To supper; to our house.

ROMEO. Whose house?

SERVANT. My master's. 75

ROMEO. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

SERVANT. Now I 'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of

54–56. **bound . . . tormented.** Such, it seems, were the most approved modes of curing mad people in Shakespeare's time. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 149.

57. **God gi' god-den:** God give you good even. A customary salutation after midday. Schmidt says that this expression was used only by the common people to their superiors.

Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! *Exit* 80

BENVOLIO. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show, 85
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! 90
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd 95
Your lady's love against some other maid

82. lovest F_2 | loves QqF_1.

79. crush a cup: have a drink, crack a bottle. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, V, iii, 66–67: "You'll crack a quart together? Ha, will you not?"

84. unattainted: unprejudiced, impartial, that sees things as they are.

89. And these . . . die: and these eyes of mine, which, though often drowned with tears, could never be destroyed. One of the reasons given for burning witches as heretics was that water could not or would not strangle them. So in King James's *Dæmonology*: "It appears that God hath appointed for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches, that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof."

95. that . . . scales. In the sixteenth century 'scales' was in rare cases construed as a singular.

That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.
ROMEO. I 'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt*] 100

SCENE III. [*A room in* CAPULET'S *house*]

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse

LADY CAPULET. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her forth to me.
NURSE. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! Where 's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

JULIET. How now! who calls?
NURSE. Your mother.
JULIET. Madam, I am here. 5
What is your will?
LADY CAPULET. This is the matter: — Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret: — nurse, come back again;
I have rememb'red me, thou 's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter 's of a pretty age. 10

3–4. **lady-bird! God forbid.** "An exquisite touch of nature! The old Nurse in her fond garrulity uses 'lady-bird' as a term of endearment; but recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself: 'God forbid' her darling should prove such a one!" — Staunton.

9. **thou 's**: thou shalt.

10. **pretty**: apt, fitting, suitable. Cf. *Henry V*, I, ii, 177: "We have . . . pretty traps to catch the petty thieves."

NURSE. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
LADY CAPULET. She 's not fourteen.
NURSE. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide ?
LADY CAPULET. A fortnight and odd days. 15
NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls ! —
Were of an age : well, Susan is with God ;
She was too good for me : but, as I said, 20
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years ;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day : 25
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall ;
My lord and you were then at Mantua : —
Nay, I do bear a brain : — but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 30
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

13. **teen** : sorrow. Used with a play on 'four' and 'fourteen.'

17. **Lammas-eve**. Lammas falls on the first of August ; and of course Lammas-eve is the day before. It is an ancient festival of the Catholic Church. The name is derived from a Saxon word meaning 'loafmass,' because on that day the Saxons used to offer loaves made of new wheat, as an oblation of first-fruits.

23. **the earthquake**. See note, line 33.

29. **bear a brain**. The Nurse is boasting of her retentive faculty. To 'bear a brain' was to have good mental capacity.

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years; 35
For then she could stand alone; nay, by th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband — God be with his soul!
A was a merry man — took up the child: 40
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about! 45
I warrant, and I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

36. alone Ff | high lone Q1. **46. and** QqFf | an Pope Globe.

33. quoth. It is not improbable that 'quoth,' as here used, was a vulgar corruption of 'go'th,' or 'goeth.' P. A. Daniel quotes from Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*: "Bounce quoth the guns." Also, from one of Dekker's plays: "Bounce goes the guns." The meaning probably is, that the dove-house was shaken by the earthquake. The matter is commonly explained as referring to a violent earthquake that happened in England on the 6th of April, 1580.

40. A: he. An obsolete or dialectic form often written 'a or a'.

43. holidame: halidom, salvation. A petty oath.

48. stinted: stopped, desisted. Elsewhere Shakespeare uses the verb transitively. The word occurs frequently in Chaucer. Cf. *Troilus and Criseyde*, III, 1233: "the newe abaysshed nightingale That stinteth first whan she biginneth singe."

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd: 60
And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married? 65

JULIET. It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man 75
As all the world — why, he 's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he 's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

61. And QqFf | An Pope. **66, 67. honour** Q_1 | houre Q_2Ff.

76. man of wax: as well made, as handsome, as if he had been modeled in wax. Cf. III, iii, 126. Horace's expression, *cerea brachia*, has been quoted as a classical precedent for this expression. Cf. *Wily Beguiled*: "Why, he 's a man as one should picture him in wax"; Lyly, *Euphues and his England*: "so exquisite that for shape he must be framed in wax"; *Faire Em*:

> A sweet face, an exceeding dainty hand;
> A body, were it framed of wax
> By all the cunning artists of the world,
> It could not better be proportioned.

LADY CAPULET. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies 85
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 't is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide: 90
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

83. **married** Q2 | **severall** Q1Ff.

83. **married**: harmonized into mutual helpfulness. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii, 100: "The unity and married calm of states."

86. **margent.** The comments on ancient books were generally printed in the margin. Horatio says, in *Hamlet*, V, ii, 162: "I knew you must be edified by the margent."

87–88. **unbound lover . . . cover.** The 'unbound' lover is a quibble on the binding of a book and the binding in marriage; the word 'cover' is a quibble, as Mason suggests, on the contemporary French law phrase for a married woman, *femme couverte*.

89. Referring, probably, to the well-known beauty of many conchiferous structures and habitations. The implied comparison is indeed something strained, but such appears to be the meaning.

96. **like of.** See Abbott, § 177.

JULIET. I 'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. 99

Enter a Servant

SERVANT. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

LADY CAPULET. We follow thee. [*Exit* Servant] Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. 105

Exeunt

SCENE IV. [*A street*]

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six* Maskers, Torch-bearers, *and others*

ROMEO. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO. The date is out of such prolixity:

3. **prolixity**: tedious detail. In *Henry VIII*, where the king introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a masque, and sends a messenger before with an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the 'prolixity' of such introductions it is probable that Romeo is made to allude.

104. **county**: count. So in III, v, 218; IV, i, 49, etc.

We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

ROMEO. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead 15
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

7-8. Nor . . . entrance Q1 | Q2Ff omit.

4–5. Cupid . . . bow of lath. The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-relief. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle.

6. crow-keeper: scarecrow.

8. entrance. Here used as a word of three syllables. Both 'r' and liquids in dissyllables are frequently pronounced as though an extra vowel were introduced between them and the preceding consonant. See Abbott, § 477. The passage evidently refers to certain stage practices of the time. In *Timon of Athens*, I, ii, 128, we have Cupid making a speech as prologue to "a masque of Ladies as Amazons."

9–10. measure. Used in two senses, the last meaning a formal dance. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, II, i, 74.

11. torch. A torchbearer was a constant appendage to every troop of masquers. To hold a torch was no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her.

To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, 25
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Puts on a mask*]
A visor for a visor! what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart 35
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I 'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

20–21. **bound . . . bound.** Milton uses a similar quibble in *Paradise Lost*, IV, 181: "At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound."

31. **quote:** observe, notice.

36. **rushes.** The stage was commonly strewn with rushes, which were also considered good enough carpeting even for great men's houses. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, III, i, 214.

37. **proverb'd:** provided with a proverb. See Murray.

38. **candle-holder.** To 'hold a candle' is a common proverbial expression for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences we have "A good candle-holder proves a good gamester." This is the 'grandsire phrase' with which Romeo is proverbed.

39. **The game . . . I am done.** The allusion is to another old maxim which advises to give up when the game is at the fairest.

MERCUTIO. Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word: 40
If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
ROMEO. Nay, that 's not so.
MERCUTIO. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day. 45
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
ROMEO. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.
MERCUTIO. Why, may one ask?
ROMEO. I dream'd a dream to-night.
MERCUTIO. And so did I. 50
ROMEO. Well, what was yours?
MERCUTIO. That dreamers often lie.

42. **Of this sir-reverence** Q_1 | Or save you reverence Q_2 | Or save your reverence Ff.

40. **dun 's the mouse.** A proverbial saying of vague signification, alluding to the color of the mouse; but frequently employed with no other intent than that of quibbling on the word 'done.' To 'draw dun out of the mire' was an old Christmas pastime, in which 'dun' meant a dun horse, stuck in the mire, and often represented by one of the persons who played, sometimes by a log of wood.

43. **burn daylight**: use a candle when the sun shines. A proverb.

45. Capell's emendation. The First Quarto reads: "We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day." The other Quartos have: "We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day." The Folios read: "We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day."

47. **five wits.** A common phrase denoting the five senses. It was sometimes used also of the intellectual faculties, which were supposed to correspond to the five senses. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, I, i, 66.

ROMEO. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone 55
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, 60
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm 65
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night 70
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,

66. **maid** Q1 | man Q2F1.

53. After this line the First Quarto adds: "*Ben*. Queen Mab! what 's she?" The rest of the speech is given to Benvolio. This arrangement suggests a dramatic reason for the introduction of the speech here.

54. **fairies' midwife**: that member of the fairy nation whose office it was to deliver sleeping men's fancies of their dreams, those "children of an idle brain" (line 97).

55–56. **agate-stone . . . alderman.** Rings cut out of agate, and having very small images of men or children carved on them, were much worn by civic dignitaries and wealthy citizens.

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, 75
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep, 80
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon 85
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is she —

ROMEO. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! 95
Thou talk'st of nothing.

79. **tithe-pig.** A pig was often offered as payment of church dues.

85. **healths five fathoms deep.** Cf. Silence's snatch: *2 Henry IV*, V, iii, 56, 57:

> **Fill the cup and let it come:**
> **I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.**

88–89. **Mab . . . in the night.** It was believed that certain malignant spirits assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they haunted stables in the night, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby platting them into inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters.

90. **elf-locks:** hairs believed to be tangled by fairies or elves.

MERCUTIO. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes 100
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late. 105

ROMEO. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast 110
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

BENVOLIO. Strike, drum. *They march about the stage* [*Exeunt*]

103. **face** Q_1 | side Q_2Ff. 113. **sail** Q_1 | sute Q_2Ff.

96–103. Coleridge comments as follows:

Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them, — these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!

103. **dew-dropping south.** Shakespeare always associates the south wind with dampness, mist, and contagion. Cf. *As You Like It*, III, v, 50; *2 Henry IV*, II, iv, 392; *Coriolanus*, I, iv, 30; *Cymbeline*, II, iii, 136; IV, ii, 349.

109. **expire**: cause to expire, bring to an end. So in Lyly's *Euphues*: "To swill the drink that will expyre thy date."

SCENE V. [*A hall in* CAPULET'S *house*]

[Musicians *waiting.*] *Enter* Servingmen, *with napkins*

1 SERVANT. Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 SERVANT. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwash'd too, 't is a foul thing. 4

1 SERVANT. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

2 SERVANT. Ay, boy, ready. 9

1 SERVANT. You are look'd for and call'd for, ask'd for and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 SERVANT. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter [CAPULET, *with* JULIET *and others of his house, meeting*] *the* Guests *and* Maskers

CAPULET. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you. 15

15. **have a bout** Capell | haue about Q1 | walk about Q2Ff.

2. **shift a trencher.** To 'shift a trencher' was technical. Trenchers were used in Shakespeare's time and long after by persons of fashion.

5. **joint-stools**: folding chairs.

6. **court-cupboard**: a sideboard used for the display of plate. — **Good thou.** For this vocative use of 'good,' see Abbott, § 13.

7. **marchpane**: a kind of sweetmeat composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small portion of flour.

15. **have a bout**: **dance a turn.**

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I 'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell 20
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
Music plays, and they dance
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, 25
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now since last yourself and I 30
Were in a mask?

2 CAPULET. By 'r lady, thirty years.

CAPULET. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd. 35

2 CAPULET. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

24. **A hall, a hall!** An exclamation to make room in a crowd for any particular purpose, as we now say 'A ring, a ring!'

25. **turn the tables up.** The ancient tables were flat leaves or boards joined by hinges and placed on trestles; when they were to be removed, they were 'turned up.'

28. **cousin.** A common expression for 'kinsman.' The elder Capulet is really his uncle. Cf. I, ii, 67.

CAPULET. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO. [*To a* Servingman] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight? 40

SERVANT. I know not, sir.

ROMEO. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! 45
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! 50
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? 55
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite, 60
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET. Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

38. After this line the First Quarto adds: "Good youths, i' faith! Oh, youth 's a jolly thing!"

CAPULET. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him 65
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect, 70
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I 'll not endure him.

CAPULET. He shall be endur'd:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to; 75
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!

TYBALT. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

CAPULET. Go to, go to; 80
You are a saucy boy: is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 't is time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! For shame! 85
I 'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

79. **cock-a-hoop**: all by the ears. See Murray.
82. **scathe**: hurt, damage, do injury to. Cf. 'unscathed.'
84. **Well said**: well done. Frequently so. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, V, iv, 75.
— **princox**: conceited, forward young fellow.

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitt'rest gall. [*Exit*] 90

ROMEO. [*To* JULIET] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. 94

JULIET. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer. 100

ROMEO. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd. 105
[*Kissing her*]

JULIET. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. [*Kissing her again*]

90. **bitt'rest** Q2 | bitter Q2Ff. 92. **fine** Theobald | sin QqFf.

89–90. **shall . . . to bitt'rest gall**: shall convert what now seems sweet to bitterest gall.

91–104. These lines form a sonnet of the Shakespearian type.

103. **prayers**. A dissyllable; in the next line, a monosyllable. There are a good many words which Shakespeare thus uses as of one or two syllables, indifferently, to suit the verse.

JULIET. You kiss by the book.
NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
ROMEO. What is her mother?
NURSE. Marry, bachelor, 110
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
ROMEO. Is she a Capulet? 115
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
BENVOLIO. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
ROMEO. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
CAPULET. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. 120
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all:
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I 'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* Nurse] 125
JULIET. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

108. by the book: according to rule.

115. chinks: coin, money. A colloquial term.

116. my life . . . foe's debt. The meaning seems to be that he has put his life in pledge to or at the mercy of his foe; or that what has just passed is likely to cost him his life. At the close of the preceding scene, Romeo's mind is haunted with a foreboding or presentiment of evil consequences from what he is going about.

120. banquet. A banquet, or rere-supper, as it was sometimes called, was similar to the modern dessert. — **towards**: ready, at hand.

121. Is it e'en so? The First Quarto has here: "They whisper in his eare."

124. fay. A variant of 'faith.'

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
JULIET. What 's he that now is going out of door?
NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.
JULIET. What 's he that follows there, that would not dance? 130
NURSE. I know not.
JULIET. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy. 135
JULIET. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
NURSE. What 's this? what 's this?
JULIET. A rhyme I learn'd even now 140
Of one I danced withal.

One calls within 'Juliet.'

NURSE. Anon, anon!
Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone. *Exeunt*

130. **there** Q1 | here Q2Ff. 133. **wedding** Qq | wedded F1.

138. **Prodigious**: ominous, portentous. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, i, 419–420: "Nor mark prodigious, such as are Despised in nativity."

ACT II

PROLOGUE

[*Enter*] Chorus

CHORUS. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again, 5
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; 10
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit*]

14. **Temp'ring** QqF1 | Tempting F2F3F4.

3. **fair**: beauty. Cf. *As You Like It*, III, ii, 100. — **for . . . for.** This doubling of a preposition was common with the old writers, and occurs divers times in these plays. Cf. *As You Like It*, II, vii, 90.

SCENE I. [*A lane by the wall of* CAPULET'S *orchard*]

Enter ROMEO, *alone*

ROMEO. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it*]

Enter BENVOLIO *with* MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
MERCUTIO. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
BENVOLIO. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
MERCUTIO. Nay, I 'll conjure too. 6
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'; 10
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,

13. trim Q1 | true Q2Ff.

2. **dull earth . . . thy centre.** By 'dull earth' Romeo means himself; by 'thy centre,' Juliet, with whom his heart lies. He has been a little uncertain, it seems, whether to 'go forward,' that is, leave the place, or to do the opposite; and he now resolves to remain.

5. **orchard**: garden. The original meaning (Anglo-Saxon *ort-geard*).

6. MERCUTIO. **Nay . . . too.** The arrangement is that of the First Quarto. The Second Quarto and the Folios give the words to Benvolio.

13. **Abraham.** So in Quartos and Folios. Many modern editors adopt Upton's suggestion and read 'Adam,' the allusion being to

When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; 15
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
That in thy likeness thou appear to us! 20

BENVOLIO. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand 25
Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him. 29

BENVOLIO. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:

22. And QqFf | **An** Theobald.

Adam Bell, the famous archer, so often mentioned in old ballads. 'Abraham' is one of the many forms of 'abram' or 'auburn,' and here may refer to Cupid's flaxen hair. Or the epithet may be used derisively with reference to the eternal youth of Cupid. Another suggestion is that the expression has reference to the 'abraham men,' beggars who went about scant of clothes and full of tricks.

16. **ape.** An expression of tenderness, like 'poor fool.' Cf. *2 Henry IV*, II, iv, 233: "Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest!"

24. **raise a spirit . . . circle.** In conjuring to 'raise a spirit,' the custom was to draw a circle, within which the spirit was to appear at the muttering of the charms or invocations.

26. **conjur'd.** In Shakespeare's time, 'conjure' was accented indifferently on the first or the second syllable. Here the second syllable is accented, but in lines 6 and 29 the first is accented.

31. **humorous**: humid (with a quibble on the sense 'capricious').

Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit 35
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
Romeo, good night: I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. *Exeunt*

SCENE II. [CAPULET'S *orchard*]

[ROMEO *advances*]

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[JULIET *appears above at a window*]
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

39–40. truckle-bed . . . field-bed. The truckle-bed, or trundle-bed, was a bed for the servant or page, and was so made as to run under the standing-bed, which was for the master. Mercutio speaks of his truckle-bed in contrast with the field-bed, that is, the ground. Cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV, v, 6–7: "There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed."

1. jests. Neither Quartos nor Folios give any indication of a change of scene here; and, as W. A. Wright points out in the Cambridge Shakespeare, there is unquestionably "an awkwardness in thus separating the two lines of a rhyming couplet." Romeo has been at the back of the stage, concealed from Benvolio and Mercutio, and has overheard the foregoing dialogue; he here refers to the jests with which Mercutio has been overflowing. He is not so carried away with the sense of his own 'sweet wound' but that he can appreciate the merry humor of Mercutio's free and easy mind.

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief, 5
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but pale and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love! 10
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 15
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET. Ay me!

ROMEO. She speaks: 25

8. **pale** Q1 | sick Q2Ff.

7. **Be not her maid**: be not a virgin vowed to her service.

8–9. **pale and green . . . fools.** White and green were somewhat noted as the livery costume of professional fools, those colors having been worn officially by Will Summers, the celebrated fool of Henry VIII. The same combination of colors is mentioned in *Macbeth*, I, vii, 37–38: "And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely?"

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 30
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, 35
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, 45
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO. I take thee at thy word:

31. **-pacing** Q_1 | puffing Q_2Ff. 42. **O . . . name** Malone | Q_2Ff arrange after **face** (line 41).
41. **nor . . . part** Q_1 | Q_2Ff omit.

39. **Thou art . . . Montague**: thou art thyself the same in fact as if thou wert not a Montague in name. This sense is fairly required by the general tenor of the context. Juliet regards the name as an insuperable bar to her wishes.

46. **owes**: owns. Often so.

Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, 55
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? 60

ROMEO. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here. 65

ROMEO. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70

ROMEO. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

61. **dislike**: displease. The use of 'like' in the sense of 'please' is frequent. Cf. *Henry the Eighth*, I, i, 100. See Abbott, § 297.

69. **let**: hindrance, impediment. Cf. "without let or hindrance."

And but thou love me, let them find me here: 76
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JULIET. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire; 80
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, 85
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,' 90
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 95
I 'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

84. would Pope Globe Q1 | should Q2Ff.

76. but: except. Cf. *Cymbeline*, V, v, 40.

78. prorogued: put off, postponed.

89. farewell compliment: farewell all disguises of conventional form. Cf. Miranda's words, *The Tempest*, III, i, 81–82: "Hence, bashful cunning, And prompt me, plain and holy innocence."

92–93. at lovers' perjuries . . . laughs. This famous proverb is thus given in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Art of Love*:

> For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
> And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true 100
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love, 105
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

JULIET. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO. What shall I swear by?

JULIET. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

ROMEO. If my heart's dear love — 115

JULIET. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

101. **more cunning** Q_1 Pope Globe | coying Q_2F_1.

101. **strange**: coy, distant, reserved. So in III, ii, 15.

114–124. Coleridge, comparing Romeo and Juliet and Ferdinand and Miranda, says: "There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other."

118–120. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I, i, 145–148:

Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night! 120
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? 125

JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again. 129

ROMEO. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee, 134
The more I have, for both are infinite. [Nurse] *calls within*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above*]

ROMEO. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[*Re-enter* JULIET, *above*]

JULIET. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee, 145
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE. (*Within*) Madam!

JULIET. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st not well, 150
I do beseech thee —

NURSE. (*Within*) Madam!

JULIET. By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO. So thrive my soul —

JULIET. A thousand times good night! *Exit* [*above*] 154

ROMEO. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring*]

Re-enter JULIET, *above*

JULIET. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud: 160
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

163. **Romeo's name** Q1 | *Romeo* Q2Ff.

151. **By and by**: immediately. As in III, i, 167.

159. **tassel-gentle**. The 'tassel' or tercel is the male of the gos-hawk, and had the epithet 'gentle' either from the ease with which it was tamed and from its attachment to man or, as the old books on sport suggest, from its being a bird for a prince in his hunting. Tardif, in his book of *Falconry*, says that the tercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the aerie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the third a male. It may be so called because the male bird was regarded as a third larger than the female.

162. **her airy tongue more hoarse**. Though not strictly correct, this is right poetically. So Milton, in *Comus*, line 208.

ROMEO. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, 165
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET. Romeo!

ROMEO. My dear?

JULIET. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO. At the hour of nine.

JULIET. I will not fail: 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back. 170

ROMEO. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this. 175

JULIET. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again, 180
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO. I would I were thy bird.

JULIET. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow, 184
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit, above*]

ROMEO. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit*]

188. ghostly: spiritual. So in II, iii, 45, etc.

SCENE III. [FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell*]

Enter FRIAR [LAURENCE], *with a basket*

FRIAR LAURENCE. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb, 10
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies 15
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

4. **fiery** Q_1 | **burning** Q_2F_1.

1–30. The reverend character of the Friar, like all Shakespeare's representations of the great professions, is very delightful and tranquillizing, yet it is no digression, but immediately necessary to the carrying on of the plot. — Coleridge.

3. **flecked**: dappled, streaked, or variegated. Lord Surrey uses the word in his translation of Vergil's *Æneid*, Book iv: "Her quivering cheekes flecked with deadly stain."

10. **grave . . . womb.** Lucretius has the same thought: "Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulcrum." Cf. *Paradise Lost*, II, 911: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

But to the earth some special good doth give.
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: 20
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Enter ROMEO

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; 25
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

ROMEO. Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemp'red head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, 35
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature; 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

25. **that part**: the odor. The part of a flower that affects the sense of smell.

FRIAR LAURENCE. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no; 45
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAURENCE. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift; 55
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine 60
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! 65
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

56. **shrift**: confession, absolution.

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 70
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit 75
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men. 80

ROMEO. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO. And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now 85
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

FRIAR LAURENCE. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be; 90
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. *Exeunt*

90. **In one respect**: on one consideration, for one reason. 'Respect' was often used in that sense.

SCENE IV. [*A street*]

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

BENVOLIO. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. 5

BENVOLIO. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO. A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO. Romeo will answer it. 9

MERCUTIO. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

MERCUTIO. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO. Why, what is Tybalt? 17

4. **Ah** Q1 | Why Q2Ff.

14. **thorough.** 'Through' and 'thorough,' different forms of the same word, were used interchangeably.

15–16. **pin . . . butt-shaft.** The allusion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows were aimed, was fastened by a black pin, placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman.

17–18. **Tybalt . . . prince of cats.** 'Tybert' (sometimes 'Tibert' and 'Tibalt') is the name given to a cat in the old story of *Reynard the Fox*. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix:* "Tho' you were Tybert, the long-tail'd prince of cats."

MERCUTIO. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai! 25

BENVOLIO. The what?

MERCUTIO. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones! 34

27-28. **fantasticoes** Q_1 | phantacies Q_2F_1.

19. **complements**: accomplishments. Whatever arts and acquirements go to complete a man, one of which was skill in the use of weapons.

20. **prick-song**: music sung from notes written or 'pricked,' as distinguished from that sung from memory or by ear.

23–24. **gentleman . . . second cause**: gentleman of the highest rank among duellists, who will fight on the slightest provocation (the first or second cause). Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 52.

24–25. **passado . . . hai**. The terms of the fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. — **passado**: pass or motion forwards. — **punto reverso**: back-handed stroke. — **hai**: home thrust.

30. **grandsire**. Humorously apostrophizing his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with such fopperies.

32–33. **new form . . . old bench**. During the ridiculous fashion which prevailed of great 'boulstered breeches,' it is said to have

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night. 44

ROMEO. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

been necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, without which those who "stood on the new form" could not "sit at ease on the old bench." Of course Mercutio is poking fun at the fantastical affectations of those smart rapier-and-dagger experts, with their fencing-school jargon, who explode in boyish ecstasies at every slight turn of agility, shouting "*Bon!*" that is, 'good,' 'well done,' as often as a clever thrust or parry occurs in the practice of their fellows.

36. **roe . . . herring.** A play, apparently, on the first syllable of 'Romeo,' and at the same time a quibble on 'roe,' which, in one of its senses, is a female deer; perhaps, also, a further pun is implied between 'deer' and 'dear.'

39. **be-rhyme.** Cf. *As You Like It*, III, ii, 186: "I was never so be-rhym'd since Pythagoras' time."

41. **hildings.** A term of contempt applied to the lowest menials of either sex. — **grey eye.** What we call blue eyes were commonly spoken of as 'grey' in Shakespeare's time, as was also the cerulean, or the bluish grey of the sky.

43. **slop.** 'Slops' was a term for 'boulstered' trousers. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, III, ii, 36: "a German from the waist downward, all slops."

MERCUTIO. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

ROMEO. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. 49

MERCUTIO. That 's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO. Meaning, to court'sy.

MERCUTIO. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO. A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. 55

ROMEO. Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO. Right.

ROMEO. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

MERCUTIO. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

ROMEO. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness! 63

47. **slip.** The quibble is well explained by Robert Greene in his *Thieves Falling Out, True Men Come by their Goods*: "And therefore he went out and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered with silver, which the common people called slips."

53. **kindly hit it**: answered in kind. 'Kindly' literally means 'naturally,' 'in a manner suited to the occasion.'

58. **pump well flower'd.** Romeo wore pinked pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. It was the custom to wear ribbands in the shoes formed in the shape of roses or other flowers. Cf. *The Masque of Gray's-Inn* (1614): "Every masquer's pump was fastened with a flower suitable to his cap."

62. **O single-sol'd . . . singleness.** Shakespeare uses 'single' in the sense of 'weak,' 'feeble.' So that the meaning is, O feeble-soul'd jest, only singular for the feebleness. Of course there is a quibble between 'sole' and 'soul,' as there also is between the different senses of 'single.'

MERCUTIO. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose? 71

ROMEO. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO. Nay, good goose, bite not. 75

MERCUTIO. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting: it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO. O here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad! 80

ROMEO. I stretch it out for that word 'broad'; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MERCUTIO. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this

68. **wild-goose chase**. One kind of horse race which resembled the flight of wild geese was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantry kept up here. "My wits faint," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly, "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done."

76. **sweeting**. The allusion is to an apple of that name.

79. **cheveril**: soft, elastic leather made of kidskin. Cf. *Henry the Eighth*, II, iii, 32; *Twelfth Night*, III, i, 13.

drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down — 87

BENVOLIO. Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the hair. 90

BENVOLIO. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO. O, thou art deceiv'd; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

ROMEO. Here 's goodly gear! 95

Enter Nurse *and her man* [PETER]

MERCUTIO. A sail, a sail!

BENVOLIO. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

PETER. Anon!

NURSE. My fan, Peter. 100

MERCUTIO. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer face.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den? 105

86. natural: fool or simpleton by birth; half-witted person.

89–90. against the hair: against the grain.

95. gear: matter or business in hand.

100. fan. In *The Serving Man's Comfort* (1598) we are informed, "The mistresse must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her fanne." Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, i, 147: "To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!"

103. God ye good morrow: God give ye a good morning.

105. good den: good even, good evening. As in III, i, 36. So Mercutio means it as a sportive correction of the Nurse's 'good morrow.'

MERCUTIO. 'T is no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE. Out upon you! what a man are you!

ROMEO. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar. 110

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

NURSE. You say well. 117

MERCUTIO. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you. 121

BENVOLIO. She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO. So ho!

ROMEO. What hast thou found? 124

MERCUTIO. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings*]

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar 130
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

107. prick: print, mark. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV, i, 1.

116. for fault: in default.

122. indite. Probably meant as a humorous offset to the Nurse's 'confidence,' which is a characteristic blunder for 'conference.'

123. So ho! The sportsman's cry when he starts a hare.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner, thither.

ROMEO. I will follow you. 135

MERCUTIO. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.' [*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO]

NURSE. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery? 139

ROMEO. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. And a speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down, and a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? 148

PETER. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you:

126. **hoar**: hoary. Often used of things that turn whitish from molding; much the same as in 'hoar frost.'

137. **lady, lady, lady**. The burden of an old ballad. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 82–83.

139. **merchant**: huckster, fellow. — **ropery**: roguery. Perhaps meaning 'tricks deserving the rope.' Cf. 'rope-tricks,' *The Taming of the Shrew*, I, ii, 112. So in *The Three Ladies of London* (1584): "Thou art very pleasant, and full of thy roperye."

146. **flirt-jills**: jill-flirts, that is, 'flirting jilts.' 'Jill' was of old a common term for 'girl' or 'wench,' and a feminine correspondent to 'Jack'; as in the proverb, "For every Jack there is a Jill."

146. The only tolerable explanation of 'skains-mates' was furnished by Staunton, who says a Kentish man told him that the term was formerly used in Kent in the sense of 'scape-grace.' The Nurse is evidently speaking of Mercutio's supposed female companions.

I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 152

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offer'd to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 161

ROMEO. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee —

NURSE. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman. 165

ROMEO. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO. Bid her devise 170
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO. Go to; I say you shall. 175

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROMEO. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

179. **tackled stair**: stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. The image of a ship's tackle is continued in 'top-gallant,' line 180.

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy 180
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I 'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROMEO. What say'st thou, my dear nurse? 185

NURSE. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROMEO. I warrant thee, my man 's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir: my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing: — O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 196

ROMEO. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name; R is for the — No; I know it begins with some other letter: — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. 201

ROMEO. Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit* ROMEO] Peter!

PETER. Anon!

NURSE. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.

Exeunt

181. convoy: conveyance.

198. dog's name; R. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says, "R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound." And Nashe, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament* (1600), speaking of dogs: "They 'arre' and barke at night against the moone."

SCENE V. [CAPULET'S *orchard*]

Enter JULIET

JULIET. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that 's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, 5
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me: 15
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse [*and* PETER]

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER] 20
JULIET. Now, good sweet nurse, — O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile: 25
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

JULIET. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

JULIET. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that; 35
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you din'd at home? 45

JULIET. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side, — O, my back, my back! 50
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

36. **circumstance**: particulars, circumstantial details. Often so.

JULIET. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love? 54

NURSE. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

JULIET. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 60
Where is your mother?'

NURSE. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET. Here 's such a coil! come, what says Romeo? 65

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JULIET. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, 70
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight, 75
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JULIET. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt

65. **coil**: turmoil, fuss. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, III, iii, 100.

71. **They 'll be . . . any news**: they are sure to flush and redden forthwith at any talk of love and Romeo. 'They 'll be' is not used in a future sense here.

SCENE VI. [FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
ROMEO. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight: 5
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
FRIAR LAURENCE. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

13. confounds: destroys. Often so. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 279.

16–17. so light . . . flint. The reading of the First Quarto is: "So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower," and this, slightly modified, was adopted in earlier editions of Hudson's Shakespeare. But the moralizing Friar is thinking of the hardness and sharpness of the path of life. These suggestive lines have been reproduced in many forms in English literature. Cf. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, I, 18.

A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

JULIET. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more 25
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt*

30. **Conceit.** Always used in a good sense; here it is 'something conceived in the mind.'

32. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, I, i, 15: "There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

ACT III

SCENE I. [*A public place*]

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants

BENVOLIO. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring. 4

MERCUTIO. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO. Am I like such a fellow? 10

MERCUTIO. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO. And what to? 14

MERCUTIO. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is

15. two. Mercutio plays on 'to,' just used by Benvolio.

full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! 28

BENVOLIO. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MERCUTIO. The fee-simple! O simple!

BENVOLIO. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others*

TYBALT. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. 35 Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion. 40

MERCUTIO. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

MERCUTIO. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort! 47

30. **fee-simple**: absolute ownership.

44. **Consort**: company of musicians. Tybalt uses it in the sense of 'keep company,' 'associate'; and Mercutio plays on it.

BENVOLIO. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances, 50
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man. 54

MERCUTIO. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

TYBALT. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, — thou art a villain.

ROMEO. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee 60
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none:
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw. 65

ROMEO. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

50. **reason**: talk, converse.

51. **depart**. In the sense of 'part,' probably; that is, 'separate.' 'Depart' and 'part' were used interchangeably. Cf. *King John*, II, i, 563.

61–62. **appertaining rage . . . greeting**: rage appertaining to such a greeting.

And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as my own, — be satisfied. 70

MERCUTIO. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws*]
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT. What wouldst thou have with me? 74

MERCUTIO. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT. I am for you. [*Drawing*] 80

ROMEO. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight*]

ROMEO. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath 85
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[TYBALT *under* ROMEO'S *arm thrusts* MERCUTIO, *and flies*]

MERCUTIO. I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO. What, art thou hurt? 89

88. o' both your | a both the F1 | on your Q1.

72. **Alla stoccata**: the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier.

75. **king of cats.** Alluding to Tybalt's name. Cf. II, iv, 18.

77. **dry-beat**: beat without drawing blood, cudgel soundly. So in IV, v, 121.

78. **his pilcher**: its scabbard. 'Its' was just coming into use in Shakespeare's day.

MERCUTIO. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough. Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit* Page]

ROMEO. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us! I was hurt under your arm. 100

ROMEO. I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses! 105

Exeunt [MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO]

ROMEO. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet, 110
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth. 115

107. **very**: real, true. Like the Latin *verus*. Often so.
114. **aspir'd**: soared to, reached.

ROMEO. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

BENVOLIO. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Re-enter TYBALT

ROMEO. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity, 120
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company: 125
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO. This shall determine that.

They fight; TYBALT *falls*

BENVOLIO. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain. 130
Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO. O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit* ROMEO]

116. **This day's . . . depend**: the unhappy destiny of this day hangs over other days yet to come.

120. **respective**: considerate. So 'respect' means 'consideration.'

121. **conduct**: conductor, guide. Frequently so.

131. **doom**: decree, ordain. Cf. *Richard III*, II, i, 102.

133. **fortune's fool**: the sport, mockery, or plaything of fortune.

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 CITIZEN. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 135
BENVOLIO. There lies that Tybalt.
1 CITIZEN. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* Wives, *and others*

PRINCE. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
BENVOLIO. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: 140
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
LADY CAPULET. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true, 145
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!
PRINCE. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
BENVOLIO. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink 150
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

139. **discover.** In its old sense of 'disclose,' 'make known.'
140. **manage:** course, process.
151. **nice:** trifling, petty, insignificant.

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts 155
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity 160
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life 165
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain, 170
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, 175
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? 180

163. **agile** Q_1 | aged Q_2F_1 | able $F_2F_3F_4$.

154. **take truce**: make peace. — **spleen**: impetuosity. The spleen was regarded as the seat of the emotions.

167. **by and by**: immediately. As in II, ii, 151.

MONTAGUE. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, 185
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses: 190
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *Exeunt*

SCENE II. [CAPULET'S *orchard*]

Enter JULIET, *alone*

JULIET. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner

185. **hate's** Q1 | hearts Q2Ff.

194. The thought here expressed seems to have had the currency of a proverb. Shakespeare has it repeatedly.

1–7. The difficulty of this passage seems to turn mainly upon the fact that it involves the figure of speech called prolepsis. 'Runaway' (line 6), as Warburton clearly saw, refers, beyond question, to Phœbus, the Sun, or day. Juliet has just been urging the 'fiery-footed steeds' of day to hasten toward their master's lodging, and give 'cloudy night' possession of the world. She now proceeds to repeat the same thought in language and imagery still more intense;

As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, 5
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle: till strange love, grown bold, 15

6. **runaway's** | runaways' Delius Camb | runnawayes Q2 | run-awayes F1.

addressing night as the mistress and keeper of the bed where the nimble-footed day is to sleep. Juliet wishes the day to speed his course with fiery haste, and therefore proleptically calls him runaway. In other words, she longs to have him play the runaway; and for this cause she would have night prepare his couch at once, that so his prying eyes and babbling tongue may be quickly bound up in sleep. "If following Delius we read 'runaways' eyes,' the runaways (if not the stars) must be wanderers in the street." — Dowden. Furness gives thirty pages of notes and comments on this much disputed passage.

10. **civil**: grave, sober, decorous. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 5–6: "Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes."

12. **lose a winning match.** She is to lose her maiden freedom, and win a husband; and so to 'lose a winning match.'

14. **Hood . . . unmann'd . . . bating.** Terms of falconry. An 'unmanned' hawk is one that is not brought to endure company; and such a hawk was hooded, or blinded, to keep it from being frightened.—**bating**: fluttering or beating the wings as if striving to fly away.

15. **strange**: coy, shy, bashful. As in II, ii, 101.

Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night, 20
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun. 25
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, *with cords*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE. Ay, ay, the cords. 35
[*Throws them down*]

JULIET. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!

25. garish: excessively bright, glaring. Cf. *Il Penseroso*, line 141.

JULIET. Can heaven be so envious?
NURSE. Romeo can, 40
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!
JULIET. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,' 45
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no: 50
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —
God save the mark! — here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 55
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

40. **envious**: malicious. As in I, i, 150.

47. **cockatrice.** The power of this old fabulous beast to slay with the eye is spoken of in *Richard III*, IV, i, 55.

48. **I.** In Shakespeare's time the affirmative particle 'ay' was commonly written 'I'; hence this string of verbal or literal conceits, which is both poor enough in itself, and strangely out of place in such a stress of passion. The vapid quibble makes it necessary to retain the 'I' twice where it has the sense of 'ay.' There is further quibbling also between 'I' and 'eye.' A good deal of a thing, "whereof a little more than a little is by much too much."

53. **God save the mark.** 'Mark' appears to be put for 'sign,' 'token,' 'omen.' So that the meaning probably is, May God bless the token, or May God avert, or save us from, the omen, that is, the consequences threatened or portended by it. It has been suggested that the expression was originally a bowman's exclamation: "May the mark escape rival archers!"

JULIET. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60
NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
JULIET. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaught'red, and is Tybalt dead? 65
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70
JULIET. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
JULIET. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! 75
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80

76. **Dove-feather'd raven** Theobald | Rauenous douefeatherd Rauen Q_2F_1 | Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen $Q_4F_2F_3F_4$.
79. **damned** $Q_4F_2F_3F_4$ | dimme Q_2 | dimne F_1.

75. Another string of elaborate conceits all out of place, and showing alike the fertility and the immaturity of Shakespeare's mind when this play was written.

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE. There 's no trust, 85
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where 's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET. Blister'd be thy tongue 90
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him! 95

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JULIET. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

91. "Note the Nurse's mistake of the mind's audible struggles with itself for its decision *in toto*." — Coleridge.

98. smooth: speak fair. Used metaphorically to mean mitigate or assuage the asperity of censure with which Romeo's name would be now mentioned.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; 105
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murd'red me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory, 110
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished';
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there: 115
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd? 120
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 125
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent, 130

114. **Hath slain . . . Tybalts**: is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts.

120. **modern**: everyday, common, ordinary. Cf. *As You Like It*, II, vi, 156: "Full of wise saws and modern instances."

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. 135
Come, cords, come, nurse; I 'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE. Hie to your chamber: I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
I 'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt*

SCENE III. [FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, 5
That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAURENCE. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROMEO. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips, 10
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
ROMEO. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'
FRIAR LAURENCE. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. 16
ROMEO. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished, 20
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
FRIAR LAURENCE. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death: but the kind prince, 25
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
ROMEO. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,

10. **vanish'd.** A singular use of 'vanish'd,' but elegant withal.

20. **exile.** The accent is variable; cf. lines 13 and 43.

32. **heaven.** Like 'even,' 'given,' and other words ending in 'en,' 'heaven' is pronounced in Shakespeare as either a monosyllable or a dissyllable. Here it is dissyllabic; in line 29, monosyllabic.

33. **validity:** worth, value. Cf. *King Lear*, I, i, 83.

More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize 35
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished: 40
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 45
But 'banished' to kill me? — 'banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

FRIAR LAURENCE. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, 55
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

34. **courtship.** In the double sense of 'courtliness' and 'wooing.'
52. **fond**: foolish. So in IV, v, 82.

FRIAR LAURENCE. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 65
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Knocking within*]

FRIAR LAURENCE. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself. 71

ROMEO. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking*]

FRIAR LAURENCE. Hark, how they knock! Who 's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up; [*Knocking*] 75
Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come! [*Knocking*]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

NURSE. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Welcome, then. 80

Enter Nurse

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy! 85
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90
ROMEO. Nurse!
NURSE. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death 's the end of all.
ROMEO. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 95
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
NURSE. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
ROMEO. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murd'red her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me, 105
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword*]
FRIAR LAURENCE. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

88. and QqFf | an Rowe Globe.

98. conceal'd. Referring to the condition of Juliet, not to her person; her marriage is concealed.

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 110
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd. 115
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet 120
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit: 125
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismemb'red with thine own defence.

113. Or Q_1 | And Q_2Ff.

132–133. **powder . . . set a-fire.** Steevens in a note on this passage points out that English soldiers, using matchlocks, had to carry lighted matches at their belts near the wooden flasks in which they carried their powder.

134. **dismemb'red . . . defence**: "torn to pieces with thine own weapons." — Johnson.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive, 135
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law that threat'ned death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: 140
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 145
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time 150
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady; 155
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! 160
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:

143. **misbehav'd** Q1 | mishaued Q2 | mishaped F1.

144. **pout'st upon** Q5 | puts up Q2 | puttest up Ff.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit*]

ROMEO. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this! 165

FRIAR LAURENCE. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I 'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time 170
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt* 175

SCENE IV. [*A room in* CAPULET'S *house*]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS

CAPULET. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I: — Well, we were born to die.
'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night: 5
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PARIS. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow; 10
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

166. here stands . . . state: your whole fortune depends on this.
11. mew'd up: confined. A term in falconry. See Murray.

CAPULET. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; 15
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
But, soft! what day is this?
PARIS. Monday, my lord.
CAPULET. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, 20
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado, — a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly, 25
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
PARIS. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
CAPULET. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then. 30
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by. 35
Good night. [*Exeunt*]

12. **desperate tender**: bold offer.

34. **Afore me**. Probably a mild protestation, a sort of oath, 'God before me'; but the words may be a command to the torch-bearer.

SCENE V. [CAPULET'S *orchard*]

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET, *aloft*

JULIET. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5
ROMEO. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
JULIET. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

1–36. The lyric passion gives these lines the effect of a *tagelied*, an 'aubade,' or 'dawn-song.'

4. **pomegranate-tree.** Knight comments as follows:

Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and therefore, in the south of Europe, and in the East, it has become the chief ornament of the garden. Chaucer puts his nightingale in "a fresh green laurel-tree"; but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time,' says Russel, in his account of Aleppo. A friend . . . informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate-trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia.

7. **envious**: malicious. Often so in Shakespeare.

8. **lace**: "diversify with streaks of color." — Murray.

13. **exhales.** In *Julius Cæsar*, II, i, 44, 'exhalations' is the word used for meteors: "exhalations whizzing in the air."

And light thee on thy way to Mantua: 15
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
ROMEO. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk; it is not day. 25
JULIET. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

20. reflex. But another form of 'reflection,' put for 'radiance,' 'light.' Cf. *Macbeth*, I, ii, 25: "As whence the sun 'gins his reflection." — **brow.** Here used for 'face.' In earlier editions of Hudson's Shakespeare Singer's reading 'bow' was adopted, the expression being taken as referring to the segment of the new moon.

29. division: "a rapid melodic passage, originally conceived as the dividing of each of a succession of long notes into several short ones." — Murray. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, III, i, 211: "ravishing division."

31–32. lark . . . toad . . . voices. The toad having fine eyes and the lark ugly ones, there was a common saying that the toad and the lark had changed eyes. The croak of the toad would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. "Lines 33–34 seem to show that the joy of the lark's song adds a bitterness to Juliet's grief, and that she wishes the bird had a harsh voice to sing of harshness." — Dowden.

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows. 35

ROMEO. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse

NURSE. Madam!

JULIET. Nurse?

NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit*] 40

JULIET. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I 'll descend.
[*He goeth down*]

JULIET. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days: 45
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROMEO. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

JULIET. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

34. **hunt's-up.** Originally a tune played to wake sportsmen, and call them together. It was a common burden of hunting-ballads. According to Cotgrave the *resveil* (*reveille*), or morning song to a new married woman, was called the 'hunt's-up.' So Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*: "But hunt's-up to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing."

43. **friend.** This closing of the series with 'friend' sounds like an anticlimax, but it was not so in Shakespeare's time. In Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet* 'friend' and 'friendship' are used where a modern writer would use 'lover' and 'love.'

ROMEO. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, 55
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *Exit*

JULIET. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother? 65
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET. Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET. Madam, I am not well.

55. **below** Q_1 | so lowe Q_2Ff.

54. **ill-divining.** Romeo was haunted with a like foreboding of evil on going to the Capulets' feast. The circumstance is eminently judicious and beautiful in both cases; gently preparing us for the catastrophe, and at the same time chastening our sympathy.

59. "The belief that grieving exhausts the blood and impairs the health, is more than once alluded to by Shakespeare." — Cowden Clarke. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, 97.

66. **Is she . . . so early.** Shakespeare is something fond of playing thus between 'early' and 'late.' Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 7–9: "To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes."

LADY CAPULET. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? 70
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love:
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend 75
Which you weep for.

JULIET. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JULIET. What villain, madam? 80

LADY CAPULET. That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET. That is, because the traitor murderer lives. 84

JULIET. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram, 90

83. like. Used conjunctively, not as a preposition, and equivalent to 'like as.' Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, i, 177.

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
JULIET. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: 95
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him, 100
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
LADY CAPULET. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such a man.
But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
JULIET. And joy comes well in such a needy time: 105
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
LADY CAPULET. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for. 110
JULIET. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
LADY CAPULET. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. 115

101. **cousin** QqF1 | cousin Tybalt F2.

93–102. Juliet's speeches in this scene are elaborately and designedly ambiguous.

JULIET. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 120
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands. 125

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse

CAPULET. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body 130
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them, 135
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave! 140

126. air Q4 | earth Q2Ff.

129. **conduit.** The same image occurs in Brooke's poem.

CAPULET. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom? 145

JULIET. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAPULET. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not'; 150
And yet 'not proud': mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 155
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

141. **take me with you**: let me understand you.

149. **chop-logic.** Capulet uses this as a nickname. "Choplogyke is he that when his mayster rebuketh him of hys fault, he wyll geve him xx wordes for one." — *The xxiiii Orders of Knaves.*

153. **fettle**: put in order, arrange, make ready. Cf. Hall's *Satires*: "But sells his team and fettleth to the war"; Silvester's *Maiden Blush*: "They to their long hard journey fettling them."

156–157. **carrion . . . tallow-face.** In the age of Shakespeare, authors not only employed these terms of abuse in their original performances, but even in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Vergil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas 'hedge-brat,' 'cullion,' and 'tar-breech,' in the course of one speech.

CAPULET. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch! 160
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child; 165
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
NURSE. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 169
CAPULET. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
NURSE. I speak no treason.
CAPULET. O, God ye god-den.
NURSE. May not one speak?
CAPULET. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.
LADY CAPULET. You are too hot. 175
CAPULET. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage, 180
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;

165. **lent** Q_2Ff | sent Q_1. 181. **train'd** Q_1 | allied Ff.

171. **smatter**: chatter, prate. So in other old plays.

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, 185
To answer 'I 'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, and you will not wed, I 'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest. 190
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
And you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: 195
Trust to 't, bethink you; I 'll not be forsworn. *Exit*

JULIET. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week; 200
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit* 204

JULIET. O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,

188, 192, 193. and | QqFf | an Capell | if Pope.

185. mammet: puppet, doll. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, II, iii, 95. 'Mammet,' or 'maumet,' meant an idol (from the supposed idolatry of the religion of Mahomet); hence the meaning in the text. — **in her fortune's tender**: in the offer which her good fortune makes to her.

191. lay hand . . . advise: bethink yourself in good earnest.

199. sweet my mother. Cf. 'poor my lord,' III, ii, 98.

Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems 210
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you; 215
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo 's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam, 220
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,

214. **all the world to nothing**: I 'll stake all the world against nothing. Or, perhaps, The chances are as all the world to nothing.

221. **green**. What is now called a hazel eye was described as green in Shakespeare's time, and was esteemed most beautiful. So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, V, i: "O, vouchsafe with that thy rare green eye." And Lord Bacon says that "eyes somewhat large, and the circles of them inclined to greenness, are signs of long life." Hanmer, followed by Johnson, read 'keen.'

213–241. Mrs. Jameson (*Characteristics of Women*) remarks:

> The old woman, true to her vocation, and fearful lest her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris; and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and baseness of her confidante is the moment which reveals her to herself. She does not break into upbraidings; it is no moment for anger; it is incredulous amazement, succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence, which takes possession of her mind. She assumes at once and asserts all her own superiority, and rises to majesty in the strength of her despair.

For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were. 225
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

NURSE. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET. Amen!

NURSE. What?

JULIET. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone, 230
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit*]

JULIET. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, 235
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy: 240
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *Exit*

234. The First Quarto has a significant stage direction here: *She lookes after Nurse.* "This Quarto having been taken down from notes in the theatre, we doubtless have here a direct clue to the original manner of playing the part."—Herford. In her astonishment at the Nurse's perfidy, Juliet watches her till she is out of sight.

ACT IV

SCENE I. [FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS

FRIAR LAURENCE. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PARIS. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not. 5

PARIS. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;

3. **I am nothing slow . . . haste.** Here the words, taken strictly, express just the opposite of what is evidently intended. But the language is probably elliptical: I am not at all slow, that I should slack his haste. Or, I am nothing backward, so as to restrain his haste. Shakespeare has several like instances. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I, iii, 6–8: "I have seen Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds"; that is, 'so as to be exalted.'

11. **marriage.** A trisyllable, as occasionally elsewhere in Shakespeare.

Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste. 15

FRIAR LAURENCE. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET

PARIS. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next. 20

JULIET. What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE. That 's a certain text.

PARIS. Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET. To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS. Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET. I will confess to you that I love him. 25

PARIS. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JULIET. The tears have got small victory by that; 30
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

JULIET. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS. Thy face is mine, and thou hast sland'red it. 35

JULIET. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

16. slow'd. 'Slow' and 'forslow' ('foreslow') were formerly in common use as transitive verbs.

29. abus'd: marred, disfigured.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAURENCE. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

PARIS. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit*]

JULIET. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help! 45

FRIAR LAURENCE. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; 55
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

38. **evening mass.** This has commonly been noted as an error, on the ground of there being no such thing as evening mass. But Bowdon (*The Religion of Shakespeare*, 1899) says: "Mass was used of various church offices; . . . in the stricter sense of mass there was great latitude in ancient times as to the hour."

56–57. **seal'd . . . deed.** The seals of deeds were formerly stamped on distinct slips or labels, which were attached to the instrument. Cf. *Richard II*, V, ii, 56.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring. 65
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it; 75
And, if thou dar'st, I 'll give thee remedy.

JULIET. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud; 85
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;

81. shut Q_1 | hide Q_2Ff. **85. shroud** Q_4 | grave Ff.

64. commission: warrant, authority. Often so.
86. to hear: in hearing. The infinitive used gerundively.

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow: 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run 95
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, 100
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, 105
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier 110

110. **uncover'd.** The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face uncovered, Shakespeare found particularly described in Brooke's poem:

> An other vse there is, that whosoeuer dyes,
> Borne to their church, with open face vpon the beere he lyes,
> In wonted weed attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete.

Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 164: "They bore him barefac'd on the bier."

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I 115
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

JULIET. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR LAURENCE. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I 'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford. 125
Farewell, dear father! *Exeunt*

SCENE II. [*Hall in* CAPULET'S *house*]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, *and two* Servingmen, *two or three*

CAPULET. So many guests invite as here are writ.
Exit 1 Servant
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

110. Quartos and Folios insert here: "Be borne to burial in thy kindreds graue."

119. **toy**: fancy, whim. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iv, 75–76.

2. **cunning cooks**. Shakespeare has been suspected of an oversight or something worse, in making Capulet give order here for so

2 SERVANT. You shall have none ill, sir; for I 'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET. How canst thou try them so? 5

2 SERVANT. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET. Go, be gone. [*Exit* 2 Servant]
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

NURSE. See where she comes from shrift with merry look. 15

Enter JULIET

CAPULET. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

many 'cunning cooks.' The passage is in keeping with Shakespeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is a man of ostentation; but his ostentation is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first act he says to his guests, "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards." In the third act, when he settles the day of Paris's marriage, he just hints, "We 'll keep no great ado, — a friend or two." "But," as Charles Knight puts it, "Shakespeare knew that these indications of 'the pride which apes humility' were not inconsistent with the 'twenty cooks.'

6–7. 't is an ill cook . . . fingers. This adage is in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie* (1589):

> As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chicke:
> A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.

14. harlotry. A general term of reproach; not to be taken literally here. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, III, i, 199.

JULIET. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAPULET. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I 'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JULIET. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell; 25
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? 35

LADY CAPULET. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAPULET. Go, nurse, go with her: we 'll to church to-morrow. *Exeunt* JULIET *and* Nurse

LADY CAPULET. We shall be short in our provision:
'T is now near night.

CAPULET. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: 40

26. **becomed**: becoming. The old writers furnish many such instances of the active and passive forms used interchangeably. So we have often 'beholding' instead of 'beholden.' Cf. *As You Like It*, III, iii, 10.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I 'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I 'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up 45
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. *Exeunt*

SCENE III. [JULIET'S *chamber*]

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse

JULIET. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin. 5

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JULIET. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you; 10
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

5. **cross**: perverse, athwart the line of rectitude. So Milton, in his *Tetrachordon*, speaks of "crossness from the duties of love." In the First Quarto the Nurse answers Juliet: "Well theres a clean smocke under your pillow, and so good night."

LADY CAPULET. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
Exeunt [LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse]
JULIET. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, 15
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial. 20
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.
[*Laying down her dagger*]
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minist'red to have me dead, 25
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? 35

15–16. These expressions are from Brooke's poem.

23. **dagger.** "Daggers," says Gifford, "or, as they are commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell."

Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones 40
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I, 45
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad: —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost 55

39–41. As in . . . are pack'd. This idea may have been suggested to Shakespeare by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-on-Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England. Schmidt takes 'As' (line 39) to mean 'to wit.'

47–48. mandrakes' . . . run mad. "The mandrake," says Thomas Newton in his *Herball of the Bible* (1587), "has been idly represented as a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried." So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* (1623): "I have this night digg'd up a mandrake, and am grown mad with it."

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed, within the curtains

SCENE IV. [*Hall in* CAPULET'S *house*]

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse

LADY CAPULET. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET

CAPULET. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica: 5
Spare not for cost.

2. **pastry**: room where pies were made or kept, pantry, larder.

4. **curfew-bell**. Strictly the 'curfew' was an evening bell (*couvre feu*) rung at eight or nine o'clock, and Shakespeare so uses the expression in *The Tempest*, V, i, 40; *Measure for Measure*, IV, ii, 78; *King Lear*, III, iv, 121. But the word came to be used of other ringings, and Murray (*The Oxford Dictionary*) quotes the following from the Liverpool Municipal Records of 1673 and 1704: "Ring Curphew all the yeare long at 4 a clock in the morning and eight at a night." The First Quarto reads, line 4: "The Curfewe bell hath rung, tis foure a clocke."

5. **bak'd meats**: pies, pastry. The expression was applied particularly to meat pies. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 180. Dowden quotes Palsgrave, *Les clarcissement* (1530): "Bake meate, *viands en paste*." — **Angelica**. Probably the name of Lady Capulet, though some editors think the Nurse is addressed.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed: faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 10

LADY CAPULET. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse]

CAPULET. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four [Servingmen], *with spits, logs, and baskets*

Now, fellow,
What 's there?

1 SERVANT. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what. 15

CAPULET. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Servant]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 SERVANT. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. *Exit*

6. In earlier editions of Hudson's Shakespeare this speech was given to Lady Capulet, and the Nurse was sent off the stage after line 2. But an old servant might appropriately enough use familiarities of speech to her master. In the First Quarto the first words of Capulet's reply are: "I warrant thee Nurse I have . . ." — **cot-quean**: man who busies himself too much in women's affairs. The term means etymologically 'the housewife of a laborer's cot.'

11. **mouse-hunt**: woman-hunter. 'Mouse' as a term of endearment applied to a woman is found in *Hamlet*, III, iv, 183; *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, ii, 19; *Twelfth Night*, I, v, 69.

13. **jealous-hood**: jealousy. The abstract for the concrete.

CAPULET. Mass, and well said, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 't is day: 21
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would: I hear him near. *Music within*
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; 25
I 'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. [JULIET'S *chamber*]

[*Enter* Nurse]

NURSE. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, 5
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed; 10
He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[*Undraws the curtains*]

6. **set . . . rest**: is determined. The expression is probably from the old game of primero. Cf. V, iii, 110.

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! 15
Some aqua vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET. What noise is here?
NURSE. O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET. What is the matter?
NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!
LADY CAPULET. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20
Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET

CAPULET. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
NURSE. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
LADY CAPULET. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead! 24
CAPULET. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
NURSE. O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET. O woful time! 30
CAPULET. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians

FRIAR LAURENCE. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
CAPULET. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day 35
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40
PARIS. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
LADY CAPULET. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! 45
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!
NURSE. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day, 50
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
PARIS. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain! 55
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
CAPULET. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now 60

To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She 's not well married that lives married long;
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will. 95

Exeunt [CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, *and* FRIAR]

1 MUSICIAN. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. *Exit*

1 MUSICIAN. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter [PETER]

PETER. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease': O, and you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

1 MUSICIAN. Why 'Heart's ease'? 102

PETER. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe': O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me. 105

101, 118. and QqFf | an Pope.

100. *Enter* PETER. So in the Fourth Quarto and the Folios. The Second and Third Quartos have "Enter Will Kemp." Kemp was the famous comedian of Shakespeare's day. With reference to this comic interlude Coleridge says: "It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce; the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion."

103–104. 'My . . . woe.' This is the burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers*: "Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe." — **dump**: grave or melancholy strain in music. It also signified a kind of poetical elegy. A 'merry dump' is no doubt a purposed absurdity put into the mouth of Master Peter.

1 MUSICIAN. Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

PETER. You will not, then?

1 MUSICIAN. No.

PETER. I will then give it you soundly.

1 MUSICIAN. What will you give us? 110

PETER. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

1 MUSICIAN. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PETER. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I 'll re you, I 'll fa you; do you note me? 116

1 MUSICIAN. And you re us and fa us, you note us.

2 MUSICIAN. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit. 119

PETER. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound — 125

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

125. Q1 | Q2Ff omit.

111–112. **gleek . . . minstrel.** A pun is here intended. A gleek-man, or gligman, is a minstrel. 'Gleek' meant also a jest. To give a person a (or the) gleek was to pass a jest on him.

115. **carry no crotchets**: bear no whims. Another pun.

120. **dry-beat.** See note, III, i, 77.

123–125. **When . . . silver sound.** This is part of a song by Richard Edwards, to be found in the *Paradise of Daintie Devices*.

127–130. **Catling . . . Rebeck.** The first of these worthies takes his name from a small lutestring made of catgut; his companion

1 MUSICIAN. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck? 130

2 MUSICIAN. I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

PETER. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 MUSICIAN. Faith, I know not what to say. 134

PETER. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress. *Exit*

1 MUSICIAN. What a pestilent knave is this same! 140

2 MUSICIAN. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. *Exeunt*

the fiddler, from an instrument of three strings. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro:*

When the merry bells ring round,
And the joyful rebecks sound.

133. **Soundpost.** Soundpost is "the pillar or peg which supports the belly of a stringed instrument." — Dowden.

141. **Jack.** The word is often in Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists used contemptuously for 'fellow.' Cf. II, iv, 144.

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Mantua. A street*]

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, *his man, booted*

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again; 15
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BALTHASAR. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20

And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper, 25
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BALTHASAR. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR. No, my good lord.

ROMEO. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I 'll be with thee straight.

Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift 35
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, — which late I noted
In tatt'red weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

24. defy Q1 | **deny** Q2Ff.

21. presently: immediately. As in IV, i, 54, 95.

40. simples: medicinal herbs. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, vii, 145.

43. alligator stuff'd. We learn from Nash's *Have with You to Saffron Walden* (1596) that a stuffed alligator then made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop.

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes, 45
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'And if a man did need a poison now, 50
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house. 55
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

APOTHECARY. Who calls so loud?

ROMEO. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear 60
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. 65

APOTHECARY. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

45. **account**: array. The details here are from Brooke's poem.
67. **utters**: lets go from his possession, sells.

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes, 70
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be nor poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY. My poverty, but not my will, consents. 75

ROMEO. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

APOTHECARY. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world, 81
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 85
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. *Exeunt*

SCENE II. [FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell*]

Enter FRIAR JOHN

FRIAR JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out, 5
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee. 15
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN. Brother, I 'll go and bring it thee. *Exit*

FRIAR LAURENCE. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake: 25
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;

5–6. brother . . . associate me. In the *Visitatio Notabilis de Seleborne*, a curious record printed in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur.* — **associate**: accompany. See Murray.

11. seal'd up. This was a duty of the English constable.

18. nice: trivial, unimportant. As in III, i, 151.

26. beshrew: blame severely.

But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! *Exit* 30

SCENE III. [*A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets*]

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page *with flowers* [*and a torch*]

PARIS. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, 5
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
PAGE. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires*]
PARIS. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew, —
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones; —
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans: 15
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
The Page *whistles*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires*]

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

ROMEO. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee, 25
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

ROMEO. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR. [*Aside*] For all this same, I 'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires*]

ROMEO. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food!

[*Opens the tomb*]

PARIS. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murd'red my love's cousin, with which grief, 50
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. [*Comes forward*]
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself: 65
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PARIS. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here. 69

ROMEO. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!
They fight

PAGE. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit*]

PARIS. O, I am slain! [*Falls*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies*]

ROMEO. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 75
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaught'red youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying* PARIS *in the tomb*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I 90

84. **lantern**: louver, round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls receive light; for example, the beautiful lantern at Ely Minster. Cf. Churchyard's *Siege of Edinborough Castle*: "This lofty seat and lantern of that land like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er ev'ry streete"; Holland's translation of Pliny: "Hence came the louvers and lanternes reared over the roofes of temples."

86. **presence**: presence chamber. The most splendid apartment of a royal palace, especially when lighted for a feast.

87. **by a dead man interr'd**. Romeo speaks of himself as already dead, because he 'came hither' on purpose to die, and will 'never from this palace of dim night depart again.'

88–89. **at the point of death . . . merry**. Accordingly, Mercutio, in this play, goes to his death with his spirit bubbling over in jests. An historical instance is that of Sir Thomas More, who at once deepened and sweetened the tragedy of the scaffold with his playful speech; as Wordsworth gives it,

> More's gay genius played
> With th' inoffensive sword of native wit,
> Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

90. **lightning before death**. So in Ray's *Proverbs*: "It's a lightning before death." The idea is common in old dramas.

Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 105
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

106. **still**: constantly, continuously. So in line 270.
107. After this line the later Quartos and the Folios read:

> Depart againe, come lie thou in my arme [armes Ff],
> Heere 's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
> O true Appothecarie!
> Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

110. **set up . . . rest.** See note, IV, v, 6.

A dateless bargain to engrossing death! 115
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here 's to my love! [*Drinks*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies*] 120

Enter [*at the other end of the churchyard*] FRIAR LAURENCE, *with lantern, crow, and spade*

FRIAR LAURENCE. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who 's there?
BALTHASAR. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
FRIAR LAURENCE. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light 125
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
BALTHASAR. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.
FRIAR LAURENCE. Who is it?
BALTHASAR. Romeo.
FRIAR LAURENCE. How long hath he been there?
BALTHASAR. Full half an hour. 130
FRIAR LAURENCE. Go with me to the vault.
BALTHASAR. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

116. **conduct**: conductor. Cf. III, i, 121.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Stay, then; I 'll go alone. Fear comes upon me: 135
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
BALTHASAR. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
FRIAR LAURENCE. Romeo! [*Advances*]
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the tomb*]
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour 145
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. JULIET *rises*
JULIET. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within*] 150
FRIAR LAURENCE. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:

138–139. I dreamt . . . slew him. Steevens comments as follows:

This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

148. comfortable: comforting. The passive form with an active sense. The word is often used thus.

A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; 155
And Paris too. Come, I 'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no longer stay.

JULIET. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160

[*Exit*] FRIAR LAURENCE

What 's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 165
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him*]
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS

1 WATCH. Lead, boy: which way?

JULIET. Yea, noise? then I 'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[*Snatching* ROMEO'S *dagger*]

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me die.

[*Falls*] *on* ROMEO'S *body*, *and dies*

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. 171

1 WATCH. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;

162. **timeless**: untimely, premature. Cf. *Richard II*, IV, i, 5.

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, 175
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes 180
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter [*some of the* Watch, *with*] BALTHASAR

2 WATCH. Here 's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE

3 WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him, 185
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 WATCH. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE [*and* Attendants]

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others*

CAPULET. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAPULET. The people in the street cry Romeo, 191
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

191. The Pope Globe | O the QqFf.

1 WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 196
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 WATCH. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open 200
These dead men's tombs.

CAPULET. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom! 205

LADY CAPULET. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE [*and others*]

PRINCE. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

MONTAGUE. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; 210
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave? 215

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

209. more early Q1 | now earling Q2 | now early Ff.

203–204. for, lo . . . back of Montague. Parenthetical. It appears that the dagger was worn on the back below the waist.

210. After this line Dyce adds the following from the First Quarto: "And young Benvolio is deceased too."

216. outrage: passionate utterance. Cf. *1 Henry VI*, IV, i, 126.

Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, 220
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAURENCE. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder; 225
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAURENCE. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city, 235
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean 240
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

231. **that** Q4 | that's Q2 | thats Ff.

222. **parties of suspicion**: persons under suspicion.

229–269. Ulrici suggests that this long narrative is necessary to prepare Montague and Capulet for reconciliation.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her 245
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault:
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, 255
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, 260
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage 265
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man. 270
Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

255. **closely**: secretly. So the adjective 'close' often means 'secret.'

BALTHASAR. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father, 275
And threat'ned me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 280

PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch. 285

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. 290
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd. 295

CAPULET. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:

273. **in post**: in haste, with the speed of a postman.

280. **what made your master**: what was your master doing.

284. **by and by**: immediately. As in II, ii, 151.

295. **brace of kinsmen**. The reference is to Mercutio and Paris. Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman in III, i, 142, and that Paris was also the Prince's kinsman may be inferred from what Romeo says in lines 74–75.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known, 300
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head: 305
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. *Exeunt* 310

303. **Romeo's . . . lady's** Camb Globe | Romeos . . . Ladies Q_2 | Romeo . . . Lady Q_1Ff.

308. **Some shall . . . punished.** In Brooke's poem the Nurse is banished because she had concealed the marriage; Romeo's servant is set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence is permitted to retire to a hermitage two miles from Verona.

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